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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The fall of Jerusalem is the dramatic culmination of probably the most brilliant campaign that has been conducted by any general on any front since the beginning of the war. From the opening of the operations, only six weeks ago, down to the final swift movements which isolated the Holy City, the advance of General Allenby's divisions has persisted relentlessly, "according to plan" in the fullest sense of that hardworked phrase. Following up his smart right and left, which disposed of Beersheba and Gaza, he crossed the plain of Philistia, and before the Turks had time to pick themselves up he was astride the Jerusalem-Damascus railway and into Joppa. His line, which had originally run east and west, now straggled from south-east to north-west, with the Turks holding the mountainous country of which Hebron was the nucleus. His next move was eastward from Joppa; his troops took by storm the ridge of Nebbi Samwil, which overlooks Jerusalem from the north-west at a distance of five miles. Then followed a seeming lull.

For a few days it looked as though operations would be checked by the resistance of the enemy, who held the road that ran along the ridge from Jerusalem to Nablus (Shechem), the advanced base of the Turkish Army. But General Allenby had a trump card up his sleeve. The forces he had left at the other end of his long line suddenly captured Hebron, the defence of which had been weakened by the strong pressure exerted further north. Then came the *coup de grace*. On the north side London Territorials drove the Turk from the Nablus road, while south of the city Welsh and Home County troops were advancing from Hebron through Bethlehem. These got astride the Jericho road, and the encirclement was complete. It had worked out with the certainty of a chess problem—which is quite simple, if you know the right moves. General Allenby is one of those strategists who do seem to know the right moves. Jerusalem was surrendered with the sacred places intact, which makes his victory all the greater. The capture of South Palestine is a dazzling military achievement, but the fall of Jerusalem is a portent, the ultimate influence of which on the

course of the war (and the peace that will follow) it is too early to gauge.

The secret of Sir Edmund Allenby's triumph lay in the speed with which he was able to follow up his initial successes. On the Western Front we have striven for over two years to master that secret, but it still baffles our leaders. Just as we failed at Loos in September, 1915, so we failed at Cambrai last month—because mobile reserves were not available to improve on the first successes. In both battles we were the victors, in that we captured and held the enemy positions, but what might have been great and decisive victories were whittled down into second-rate successes, because we could not keep the enemy running. Presumably we shall have to wait a long time for the explanation of our failure on the first days, but there is no reason why we should submit to be fobbed off with standardised storilettes of the surprise on the right wing of the salient. Somebody obviously blundered, and blundered colossally. The public have a right to know the truth, and to be satisfied that the officers responsible are not, as so often before, sent home to receive promotion and decorations.

The capture of Jerusalem is an event which, in modern journalese, may be called "arresting." Apart from the military importance of taking the Sacred City out of the hands of the Turk, the fact touches the imagination and stirs in the most sluggish and ignorant mind distant religious and historical emotions. The baked meats of the Bible and the Crusades will furnish forth the tables of the newspapers for weeks to come. What, however, will be the practical result? There was great excitement among the East End Jews when the news was made known. Lord Dysart, in our last week's issue, reminded the Jews that Zechariah devotes them to a terrible punishment if they return to Jerusalem without the Ten Tribes. But where are the Ten Tribes? "The fate of the Ten Tribes is a deeply interesting question," said Tancred, "but involved in, I fear, inexplicable obscurity."

In asking for a vote of credit for £550,000,000, Mr. Bonar Law expressed his belief that the establishment of a stable government in Russia could only be a matter of time; that Russia is a very rich country; and that therefore we should ultimately recover the hundreds of millions we have lent that country. Let us hope he is right. By the end of the financial year (March 31) our total National Debt will be £6,000,000,000, and we are spending nearly seven millions a day. If the war lasts another year, the revenue required to meet interest, sinking fund, pensions and pre-war expenditure will about equal the total capital of our Debt before the war. Mr. Adamson, as leader of the Labour party, said that the people would not acquiesce in the continued payment of interest on such huge loans, and advocated a conscription of at least a portion of the nation's wealth. This will not help the next loan.

We do not wish to press the Chancellor of the Exchequer too hard, knowing the terrible difficulties of his position. But, at the same time, the party of which he is the leader, and which is the largest in the House

of Commons and, we believe, in the country, is entitled to some more definite assurance than he has vouchsafed of his intentions with regard to the sanctity of contracts and the security of accumulated property. It is unfortunately true that the working-classes, as represented by their trade unions and their shop stewards, do not respect their contracts : in fact, they treat them as the Germans do their treaties, and tear them up when inconvenient. But if the British Government is going to follow suit, the sources of loans will be dried up very quickly.

Few people have any idea—and perhaps it is as well they have not—how deeply war finance has already dipped into the accumulated wealth of the nation. We feel sure that it is no exaggeration to say that the loans, added to the depreciation of over 30 per cent. in investment stocks, have consumed more than half the national capital. There is only one safe financial policy, and that is to keep hands off capital, and to tax income, especially that part of it that is spent on luxury and amusement. Mr. Bonar Law must have the courage to distribute the burden of taxation equally and fairly among all classes, and not be afraid to make the hand-workers shoulder their share. Any attempt to requisition capital in kind would have the most disastrous results. Wholesale repudiation by the Central Powers is now practically unavoidable.

Mr. Balfour's announcement that in September last the German Government made a communication to the British Government through a neutral diplomatist that the German Government would be glad to make a communication to His Majesty's Government relative to peace is very important, because it shows that had it not been for the Russian *débâcle* we might have been in sight of the end of the war. Of course, as soon as the German Government realised that Russia lay a helpless mass at their feet, they backed out of their peace proposals, or rather, did not pursue them. Are the Entente Powers taking any steps to rescue Russia from the jaws of Germany? The success on the Italian front and the triumph of Lenin have combined to place Hindenburg and the military authorities in supreme power. The Reichstag is contemptuously dismissed; the Socialists are cowed into silence; the Press grows arrogant; and even the bedraggled Austrians settle their helmets and rattle their scabbards with revived swagger. But when the tide begins to ebb again, Hindenburg and his generals will slink away, and leave the wretched Reichstag to deal with the peace negotiations.

The relations between Russia and the rest of the world are naturally very difficult, as always happens after the overthrow of established government by revolution. Is there a Russian Ambassador in London? Clearly not: though there is a Legation, and secretaries, and chargés d'affaires and a Consulate. What is the position of Sir George Buchanan in Petrograd? Clearly one of great ambiguity and some danger. British subjects in Russia are naturally anxious to leave the country at once, but they are detained because the revolutionists want to obtain from our Government the liberation of two Russians who have been interned as dangerous persons. Whatever may be the merits of the case, it seems to us urgent that Tchicherin and Petroff should be liberated on two conditions—that the British subjects in Russia are allowed to leave, and that Tchicherin and Petroff leave England.

The Dutch Government is not behaving well, for it must be perfectly obvious to the Chancery at The Hague that British merchant ships must be armed to protect themselves against German submarines. The Dutch Foreign Office has, however, raised the pedantic point that it is a breach of neutrality for a neutral Power to admit armed merchant ships of a belligerent Power within its territorial waters. Whether the Dutch Government has been terrorised into this protest by Germany, or whether, having got all that it

wants in the way of British imports, it wishes to curry favour with the Germans, we cannot say. But we heartily applaud Mr Balfour's firm reply to the Dutchman's casuistry, that the objection taken by the Dutch Government to the presence of armed British merchantmen in territorial waters is "unnecessary and unneutral on its part," and has been taken by no other Power, except some South American Republic. This despatch from Downing Street is a tolerably good imitation of an ultimatum.

We all know in private life the Sneak, who overwhelms us with civility when our fortunes are rising, but who grows cold at the first hint of misfortune, and positively rude as our difficulties increase. Must we class Holland among the Sneaks, and say that she, like Sweden, is a barometer of the varying weather of war? Or is the truer explanation that the Dutch cannot overcome their national and inherited desire to get the better of their neighbours in business? Canning was a great statesman; but it is not unlikely that he will live in history as the author of the celebrated couplet, which he cabled in cypher to the British Legation during some important negotiations :

" In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much."

But suppose that the Dutch Government refuses to allow our armed merchantmen within the territorial waters of Holland, will it be war or armed neutrality? We should have thought that British merchantmen, armed or not, were only in Dutch waters for the purpose of bringing goods which Holland had purchased.

There is a fine rhetorical swing about Mr. Churchill's speech at Bedford, which, even if it smells a little of the lamp, is a relief after the bald written statements of the business man from Glasgow or Leeds, who is the Minister of to-day. These swelling sentiments of patriotism serve to cheer the national spirits in hours of depression like the present. Mr. Churchill did not mince matters, and told us plainly that the cause of the Entente is in peril, and that unless Britain and her Colonies are able and willing to bear the brunt of the war for the greater part of the coming year, German Militarism will not be crushed. This disappointment and danger we have not, Mr. Churchill said, deserved, because it is due to the collapse of Russia, which has not been our fault. But has it not been in large part our fault? The truth is that Mr. Lloyd George put our money on the wrong horse: he backed Kerenski and the Revolution for hundreds of millions, and he has lost our money.

The Association of Shipowners have put forth a reply to the Association of Chambers of Commerce, which accused them, substantially, of entering into agreements with German shipowners for their own profit rather than that of Great Britain. In short, the shipowners are charged with sacrificing British shippers and manufacturers for the sake of dividends to the shareholders in shipping companies. The answer of the shipowners is "confession and avoidance." They admit that they have formed rings and entered into alliance with German shipping lines, by which the carrying trade of the world was divided into spheres and the profits pooled. But they plead that by no other means could they have secured Britain's share of the trade, because the German lines were subsidised by their Government, and could therefore always undercut their competitors in the matter of freights.

If things after the war were going to return to the *status quo ante bellum*, the shipowners would have an unanswerable claim to subsidies and bounties from the British Government, so that the British shippers and manufacturers might get their goods carried as cheaply as by the German competitors. But things will not, cannot, return to the state before the war. For years it will not be safe for a German steamer to enter a British port, except under convoy of a man-of-war.

We should be sorry for a German steamer that tried to unload at Hull or London or Bristol except under the protection of the British Navy for at least five years after the war. There will be little need to re-enact the Navigation Laws, repealed in 1849, for the protection of our coasting trade, our fisheries, and our harbours. The strong arms of the brothers and sons of those whom the Germans have killed or mangled or blinded or starved will be sufficient protection for our carrying trade without the aid of Parliament.

There is, however, another branch of the subject in which the vigilance and aid of Government will be necessary. Modern commercial shipping is dependent on coaling stations, on Marconi wireless installations and on submarine cables. We have turned the Germans out of their colonies in Africa and in the Pacific islands. If we retain those captures the Germans will have no coaling, cable, or wireless facilities, except in South America and on Portuguese possessions. No heavier punishment could be inflicted on the Germans than the refusal by all British possessions of coaling and cabling facilities. We are afraid that it would be asking too much of our Portuguese Allies to observe the same attitude towards German shipping, for Portugal is a poor country, and the German Government will pay highly for the right to land on foreign shores for the purpose of erecting Marconi receivers and telegraph stations. For instance, Madeira and the Cape Verde Islands will be very convenient for these purposes, as well as the Canaries, which belong to Spain.

Now that the Reform Bill has passed through the House of Commons, we suppose that there will be no more delay in relieving Lord Cozens-Hardy of duties which he has ceased to perform. Sir George Cave will become Master of the Rolls, with a peerage, in recognition of his political services as well as his professional eminence. Probably few men have fewer enemies than Sir George Cave; and we congratulate him on a reward which he has well earned by his tactful and conciliatory carriage of a measure which has received less consideration from the House of Commons than any other first-rate Bill, though it is unquestionably the boldest experiment ever made by the Legislature of any country. If the leap into universal suffrage succeeds, Mr. Lowther and Sir George Cave will stand in their niches in the temple of fame. If it leads to a revolution and civil war, they will be dislodged with obloquy.

Mr. Walter Long in a recent speech declared that the one thing needful (*porro unum necessarium*) is the discovery and reward of brains. Indeed, that is not so: we wish it were: the wages of democracy are paid in the inverse ratio of the brains employed. We learn, for instance, from a circular, that the sum of £1,150 has been paid for a single insertion of an advertisement of a certain hair-wash. In our humble opinion, THE SATURDAY REVIEW is better for the head of any man or woman than any hair-wash. Yet we wait patiently for the cheque for £1,150 for our back page, and it tarries. Or take another example. Mr. Harry Lauder and Mr. Charlie Chaplin are paid by democracy (we are safe in saying) ten times as much as the Prime Minister or as the Lord Chancellor. What democracy pays for royalty are not brains, but things to swallow, things to wear, and things to laugh at.

We publish in our correspondence a letter from a lady who travelled from Dublin to the West Coast of Ireland a week ago, and who found a land flowing with milk and honey. If the table of a restaurant car on the train was loaded with sugar, milk, butter, bacon, tea and bread, what may we imagine to be the plenty of private homes? The Government, it appears, dares not apply the food restrictions any more than compulsory service to Ireland, which is indeed the Shirkers' Paradise. Plenty of food, plenty of petrol, no military service! As for the Sinn Feiners, poor giddy young things, they mean no harm! We hear that the Irish Nationalists demand that Ireland shall not be

taxed for the war, and that the Irish Government shall be allowed to impose a tariff on English and Scotch imports. In view of the fact that Mr. Lloyd George has pledged himself to grant whatever Ireland may demand, this is really serious.

We are glad to see that it has at last dawned on the sixty-one London members that their constituents expect them to take some interest in metropolitan questions. Under the leadership of Lord Claud Hamilton an attempt has been made to settle the dispute between taxi-cab owners and drivers which keeps 1,000 taxis off the streets, to the great inconvenience of Londoners. Apparently the owners are obdurate, and refuse to grant the drivers free petrol unless the Home Secretary will give them a flat rate of 1s. a mile, which Sir George Cave refuses to do. The present arrangement by which the hirer has to pay 1s. 2d. for the short fares, a mile or under, is unsatisfactory to everybody, both the drivers and the passengers. Under the 8d. fare the driver often got a tip of 2d. or 4d.: now he generally gets nothing. There is another important question which we hope the London members will take up—the Islington Borough Council has already taken it up—namely, the formation of a Milk Trust by combining all the metropolitan dairy companies. It would be a most objectionable amalgamation, and place London at the mercy of a monopolist in regard to a necessary of life.

Mr. Justice Darling has been made a member of the Privy Council—which is not what it was—nothing is. Sir Charles Darling wears so spruce and jocund an air, and still writes such lively verses, that it is difficult to realise that he is the senior puisne judge, which does not mean that he is the oldest. Certainly there is no one on the Bench whom the Sovereign can more appropriately address as “right trusty and well beloved”: trust him the King must on account of the soundness and impartiality of his judgments; and he must be loved for his wit, though Royalty does not always appreciate that gift. Lord Chesterfield once asked George II. to sign a commission for some great noble. “I would as soon sign a commission for the devil,” said the grim little King. “With all my heart, sir,” said Chesterfield, “but the Commission is made out to ‘our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin.’” Even George laughed.

Details given last week of the postal censorship show that the opening of letters is in the Department of the Director of Special Intelligence at the War Office. The present staff is over 4,000 strong, of whom 3,000 are women, doubtless amused by censoring an average of over 375,000 letters weekly. The “special intelligence” shown by this department has not yet been conspicuously revealed to us. Our own innocuous letters are frequently opened, while those of a notorious suspect have to our knowledge reached this country without a sign of interference with their contents. The whole business is rather futile, for it is perfectly easy to defeat the official intelligence. The amount of time wasted must be pretty large, but officials do not mind that.

The old recruiting posters were notoriously stupid; dull in ideas, shocking in execution. What can be said for the bright ideas of the War Savings advertisers? With a cheapness of conception on which one would not compliment them they had the happy notion of dragging well-known pictures into their campaign. Their masterpiece of vandalism is the reproduction of Whistler's “My Mother,” with vulgar lettering violating the fastidious balance of the design. Does any decent mind suppose that this kind of uneducated cheapness, typical of degraded journalism, pays, or that any one would spare a penny the more in consequence? Surely some responsible person of average good taste ought to pronounce on our posters and leaflets before they are published, and not leave them to the censorship of public disgust.

MR. ASQUITH AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. ASQUITH remains without a rival among modern orators in the art of compression, which he owes to his saturation in the literatures of Greece and Rome. There is more in a half-hour's speech by Mr. Asquith than in the written or spoken harangues of other public men whose delivery seldom takes less than an hour. Mr. Asquith accepts, together with Viscount Grey, the accountability of "lighting the fire which has heated this cauldron with its infernal brew," and says, manfully and truly, that were it to do again, he would do it, as aught else had been dishonour. Perhaps more than any other political leader Mr. Asquith is entitled to claim consistency in his utterances about the war; his "restitution, reparation, and security" still stand. It is only when he tries to make his declarations square with those of President Wilson that he becomes involved in inconsistency. "Prussian militarism must be destroyed," says Mr. Asquith. "No peace with the Hohenzollerns," says President Wilson. So far, so good: both are agreed. But when Mr. Wilson goes on to say, and Mr. Asquith to repeat, that neither the United States nor the European Entente have any desire to interfere with the political independence or internal arrangements of Germany, they are confronted with this difficulty, that Prussian militarism or Hohenzollernism is precisely the system under which the Germans choose to live. "It is a principle of democracy," says Mr. Asquith, "that every organised people is the true, the authentic, the final, and the only responsible judge of its own form of government." Quite so: but then that "two-handed engine—the military and bureaucratic machines carefully and cunningly interlocked," the system to be destroyed—is the form of government which a highly organised people judge to be best. Does it not all come back to Mr. Balfour's question, how can we change the heart of Germany? To which there is only one answer, by defeat in the field: by taking away from the machine-minders what they have taken from others, and making them foot the bill. In no other way will a mentality such as the German be brought to realise that murder and theft and lying do not pay.

"In dealing with 'the freedom of the seas' we cannot withhold a tribute of admiration to Mr. Asquith's superb audacity. Disraeli said that in talking to Queen Victoria, "he never argued, but he sometimes forgot." Mr. Asquith does not argue about "the freedom of the seas," but he forgets quite magnificently. The Prime Minister who promulgated by Order in Council the Declaration of London, and carried through the House of Commons the Naval Prize Bill, declares, with child-like innocence, that he has "sought in vain for any exact, or even approximate definition of the phrase." After saying that in time of peace the seas are free to everyone, which, if it includes territorial waters, is not or ought not to be true, he goes on: "The formula, therefore, if it has any relevance at all, can only be used to indicate some new limitation in time of war upon the belligerent rights of the Power which happens to have the command of the sea." That is exactly what it does indicate, and precisely what Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey used their Government majority to fasten upon the maritime forces of this country. What! Has Mr. Asquith forgotten the sections of the Declaration which announced that "a blockade shall be confined to the ports and coasts of the enemy: that the blockading forces must not bar access to neutral ports: and that while the neutral flag cannot cover contraband of war, under no circumstances can a long list of materials be declared contraband of war, namely, cotton, wool, silk, jute, raw materials of textile materials, oil, copra, hides, manures, metallic ores, soda ash, caustic soda, salt cake, ammonia, sulphate of copper, machinery, etc. etc."? This was, and is, what is meant by "the freedom of the seas" in the mouths of the Germans, although, as Mr. Asquith remarks, "no corresponding limitation is suggested for land warfare," which, we think, he might have remarked in 1909. Of course, as soon as war broke out, the Declaration of London was thrown overboard, with the information that it (and

the Order in Council) had "no binding effect." It really will not do for Mr. Asquith to pose as "a child in these matters," from which he hastily skated off to the firmer ice of the submarine question. Certainly, if there is to be anything like freedom of the seas in peace-time (in war there never can be such freedom), the existence of submarines must be prohibited.

"A clean peace" is an admirable phrase, but we are not quite sure what it means, any more than "a veiled war." In the peroration where these phrases occur, Mr. Asquith was ambiguous, we may be quite sure, designedly. We fear that no peace that can issue from this war can be clean: we never knew a peace that was clean, or, we may add, that was satisfactory to any of the signatories. By "veiled war" we understand Mr. Asquith to refer to the possibility of an economic war, and the resolutions of the Paris conference. Mr. Wilson has said that Germany will not be admitted to economic advantages or partnership with other nations, unless the Hohenzollerns are got rid of. America and Britain hold the key of the economic position, for they are the producers of the raw material of the world's industry. It is quite impossible to say at this stage of the war what economic conditions will prevail after peace, except that they will not be the same as those which preceded the war.

THE NON-FERROUS METAL BILL.

THE principle of this Bill is to place the control of the metal trade in the hands of the Government. No one is to be allowed to trade in the non-ferrous metals—copper, zinc (spelter), tin and lead—except with a licence from the Board of Trade, which will be refused to any trading concern under German or Austrian influence. Before the war broke out the control of the world's metal trade, especially copper and zinc, was in the hands of the "Metallgesellschaft," a German company with headquarters at Frankfort, which had obtained, by the free use of an enormous capital, something like a monopoly of the supplies in Australia, Canada, and the United States. Of this fact there is ample evidence. Indeed, it is not disputed: though in the debate in the Commons it was denied that England was short of copper and zinc when the war broke out.

The object of the Bill is to make Great Britain a self-supporting country in respect to certain metals, which must be imported from her own colonies and the United States, as they are not produced at home. Those metals are essential to the manufacture of munitions of war, and to many other manufactures. If capital is to be embarked in smelting works and plant, which shall do what was formerly done in Germany and Belgium, it is necessary that these smelting concerns should be protected against dumping by foreign smelters who are subsidised by their Governments. Mr. Holt, the Radical member for Hexham, and a shipowner, said in his place "the doctrine of a self-supporting State was bad on economic as well as other grounds." If Mr. Holt could guarantee us universal and perpetual peace, his proposition might be arguable: in the present state of the world it is not. The only opposition to the Bill, which is debatable, is the contention that it will not fulfil its purpose of making us self-supporting, because it will not enable the Board of Trade to control the business and exclude German buyers. As was pointed out by Mr. Strauss and others, if the Metallgesellschaft wishes to buy, it will only have to transmit its orders to a British-born broker.

We are afraid that this objection applies to all efforts to shut out Germany, and to carry out the resolutions of the Paris economic conference. How are you to prevent Germans buying in British or American markets by means of neutral merchants, to whose countries the goods will be consigned? The only answer is that the fact that no measure of protection can be made absolutely watertight is not a sufficient reason for taking no steps to protect ourselves. Bolts and bars are not an absolute security against burglars: but they are some protection. We sympathise with those members of Parlia-

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ment who are alarmed at the extension of Government control over business, and who wish to restrict it. But we must trust in this case, and at all events whilst the war lasts, to the commonsense and good faith of the officials of the Board of Trade not to abuse their power by refusing licences to trade unreasonably, or by granting them to favoured individuals or companies. Far the most telling and significant warning to Germany is contained in the very able speech by which Mr. Bonar Law supported the Bill. "The main question at the end of the war will be the supply of raw materials. They will be scarce in every industry, and let our enemies remember this—that the longer the war lasts the less there will be to go round, and, as the Allies will help themselves first, the less there will be left for Germany to receive of these commodities." Perhaps it was a perception of this cruel fact which prompted the German Government to signify a desire to open peace negotiations in September. Perhaps it is a dawning recognition of this fact which spurs Count Czernin and the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet to feverish declarations of their intention never, never to be separated from Germany, for Vienna knows enough of Berlin to be sure that in the division of raw materials Germany will endeavour to quarrel with her former allies.

THE NORWICH SCHOOL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

(Partly Untrue.)

ALL was quiet. 'Twas the night of the 29th of May, 1660, and the citizens of the Ancient City of Norwich had left the stage on Timber Hill, set up for the acting of a play in honour of the Happy Restoration, to sup at home on hippocras, marchpanes and chardeqweyns made of quince preserve, after the rejoicings. The stage was not long vacant. The bells of St. Peter Mancroft had fired their last peals—that of St. John of Timber Hill, alas, being cracked, had discreetly held its tongue—when Norwich Snap, till then living private down in Pockthorpe, poked out his nose, and, his fifteen feet of herring-green scales a-rustle with loyalty, made his way to the stage. "Old Rustiguts," as rude boys called him when he chased them over Tombland, had been having a real mouldy time these twelve years past; a Dragon out of a serious text not being acceptable to Puritans. But his time had come again. His invitations were issued, and, punctual to the moment, came his friend and gossip, Snoox, that lived in a cellar in Ber Street. Deputy host was Snoox to-night, and a queer beastie withal, with his quincunx-flecked barrel, his knees bent like hocks and his hocks bent like knees, and his blob feet that gave him power to speak upon every question. He had no ears upon his egg-like head, but in their place arrow-tipped projections, symbolic intimations of decusation these, the outward emblems of the homing instinct; the cellar had become abhorrent to him, and he gladly made his way to join his host and chief on Timber Hill, in his old parish, now to be the scene of their revels. Followed him Snap's cousin, the Eedeepée, prepared to do his best to put all in their places. A hardy gossip he was, with an arch look of courteous enquiry, for ever jiffling around and feeling about with his tails, of which he had many, shed daily in their evening form—edition we might almost say—and appearing as a fresh crop every morning with the milk. Scarcely had he arrived when a drumming in the air proclaimed a clumsy flight, and the Famous Worm, that had ravaged St. Leonard's Forest in the County of Sussex, up and down, alighted beside his hosts. It is recorded in history that he was "not yet full fledge." He was therefore a little fatigued with so long a flight; but a sip from a gotch of Malvesey-wine flavoured with cannell or cinnamon revived him, and he had scarce set down the beaker when, with a flash of flame, Benvenuto's Salamander settled alongside them, chilled with his journey through the air of the northern night. A pewter plate had been placed for him to sit on, lest he should scorch

the stage, and a mazer bowl of snap-dragon was given him, having been prepared by the gracious forethought of its eponym; they then waited chatting for their fellow guests. Two came together, sideways; the Manticora and the Basilisk, both of whom had been on speaking terms with Pliny. Good Master Manticora had six rows of teeth set all on edge and a tail whose spike he every morning sharpened at his toilet, yet his victuals were only a pink paste made from the powdered toenails of white mice snared by moonlight when the Crab was in the ascendant, so that to prepare his diet had been rather a business for Snap and his skeevyns, as he called the stewards who had helped in the affair. But it was there, and, with it, a truss of poisonous salads procured o' purpose from Cyrene for the Basilisk, who slays with a glance. He had, however, promised, for the night (only), to substitute a glad for a baneful eye, that there might be no unpleasantness. Next came the Griffin, in good fettle, his prow resembling an Eagle, his stern a Lion, with directed ears, four feet, and a longish tail to steer by, the favourite house-pet of good Sir Thomas Browne, who had himself been present earlier in the day to witness the revels of the citizens. Master Griffin had stolen out after his governor had gone to bed, and here he was, "his ears implying attention, the wings celerity of execution, the Lion-like shape courage and audacity," as Sir Thomas has told us. A saucy blade this, and no mistake; a bit above himself from conceit at his Master calling him the straight or honest Griffin. He took, unasked, the post of honour upon Snap's right, and hooked a supercilious beak at the company. Always given to laying down the law, his tongue went like a beggar's clapping-dish, nineteen to the dozen.

Aha! The Halcyons! They were there, yes, those delicious little birds whose union with the Sirens was to beget the race destined to fame as Norwich canaries, destined, too, to prove that the riddle of Sir Thomas Browne What song the Sirens sang, was not beyond conjecture after all, but is answered to-day from many a birdcage in the Ancient City. (For accuracy's sake be it noted that the crested kind of canary is sprung from that Siren who wore a Thessalian bonnet rather like Ismene's when she was with Oedipus on a famous occasion at Colonus; a point which followers of Darwin and Mendel have somehow overlooked). These were from Southern climes; from Northern seas came the Four Herrings of Norway, landed at Whitby, marked with strange Gothic characters, a prophecy of good luck; and with them the kindly Ray, gentleman among fishes, "that drives away the murderous Boloma from the drowning man, and doth what he can to urge him to swim out"; these found themselves mightily at home with the Yarmouth Capons, somewhat shame-faced for the disgrace put upon their town since the Royal Martyr's execution had been planned in a house upon the south quay, where Ireton's son-in-law lived. But they had come to the rejoicings, to sup off spycé-brede and dobyl-bere and testify their loyalty. The Julo, half dog, half cat, but closer furred than either; the Trochilus, the wheel-like bird whose function is to burnish the teeth of crocodiles; the Su, catlike, with bats' ears and ostrich feathers growing out of her tail with which to shelter her young as with an awning; the Mimick Dog, humped of back, with his woolly coat and natural bare legs, the father of all poodles; the aged Bishop-fish, born in 1180 in the sea near Orford in Suffolk, who often went to church but never showed any sign of adoration, came in a company, upon a floating cobweb, their Magic Carpet; and with them the courtly Kraken, who had given a lift to the Lamb-tree and the Barnacle-tree, since neither Lambs nor Barnacle Geese were yet fully fleeced or fledged and so fit for the risks of travel by road. The Ayay arrived last of all, grousing, but no one minded that, or him. He was a great pet and very sensitive; he felt the cold, being in poor health; so the Salamander gave him a seat on his warm pewter plate. But he kept a suspicious eye on Snoox.

The banquet over, the tucket sounded for silence; Norwich Snap, buxom to the Crown, rose to speak.

"If there be any manner of person who will absume, purfy or implead any action, let him do so at once or for ever hold his peace." None answering the challenge, Snap proposed in loyal terms the health of the King. "Now," said he, "we are again safe in merry England; now fairies shall meet us on the Ringland Hills; now friends shall come securely and go the same, unchallenged by sour faces and sad-coloured clothes, and we shall again have music and dancing. Have we not seen his Worship the Mayor come up from the Guildhall, again attended by his chrystall mace older than bluff King Harry's days, by the bellman and the whiffers with their swords? Have we not heard the waits about the stage singing The King enjoys his own again, till our hearts were like to burst? And, gentle beastes, shall we not rejoice in like manner, and have our minstrelsy? Behold!" Up rose two men, the one in gay dress, such as had not been worn in England these many years, the other in mustard-yellow cloak. "Master Thomas Deloney, the balleting silke weaver of Norwich," as scornful Tom Nash calls him, "and good Mr. Nicholas Colman, of Norwich, his printer, are also come this joyful night from the other world to do you pleasure." They sang of a marvelous strange Fish that certayne men of Captayne Haukiness do call a shark; of another monstorous fysse taken in Ipswyche in the year of grace before the shark, 1568, and of a mervaylous strange deformed swine, beginning,

Come neare, good Christians all,
Beholde a monster rare:
Whose monstrous shape (no doubt) foretels
God's wrath we should beware. . . .

Then Snap called upon Master Deloney to add to the harmony of the evening, who, having begged their worships' pardon, set up a ballad intytuled

The Crowe sits upon the wall,
Please one and please all,
Be they great, be they small,
Be they little, be they lowe,
So pypeth the Crowe,
Sitting upon a wall:
Please one and please all.

This being mighty applauded, they sang for contrast a proper new sonet (Master Deloney's own first song it was), declaring the lamentation of Beckles, a Market Towne in Suffolke, which was in the great winde upon St. Andrewes Eve pitifully burned with fire to the value by estimation of twentie thousande pounds:

My loving good neighbours, that come to behold,
Me sillie poor Beckles, in cares manyfold,
When well you have vewed my dolefull decay,
And pittie haue pierced your heartes as it may,
Say thus, my good neighbours, that God in His ire
For sin hath consumed me Beckles with fire.

This was cried down as too sad, so the company fell a-singing, Hey for cavaliers! Ho for cavaliers! till Master Basilisk broke in that 'twas full late, and he ought to be getting back to Cyrene, and go, he said, to slaying lions with his eye, as a maid might talk of the shelling o' peas, whereon the Salamander asked leave to take the air with him as far as Florence; and the Worm of St. Leonard's Forest, being but young, and having, for him, a long way to go and very little money to spend, said that he too must be going.

It was near dawn when the company broke up, some to sleep in the Boom Tower down by the river, some to beg a mat of Snoox, some to Barking Donkey Street near Brazen Gates, where the Four Herrings lodged with the Yarmouth Capons; and the Manticora, as the guest of honour, off with Snap to Pockthorpe. The Goose and Gridiron Inn, over against Sir Thomas Browne's, being full already, Master Deloney and Master Colman rolled down, very mellow, to the Cathedral Close, singing this Norfolk catch over and over hundreds of times:—

Gimmingham and Trimmingham, Knapton and Trunch,
Northrepps and Southrepps lie all of a bunch;
they penetrated with ghostly ease the closed oaken doors of the Ethelbert Gate, and fell asleep in the Cloisters, hoarse from their songs, snoring profusely from

their nostrils, to the scandal of the Dean and Chapter, till a sunbeam fell upon them, and by setting them a-shivering, let them know that they were but phantoms.

And the stage on St. John's Timber Hill stood gaunt and empty, a text for the weariness of the flesh, till Midsummer night came round and a St. John's fire ate it up amid shouts of joy that Merry England had come to her own again after these many years. But the voice of the Timber Hill bell is still cracked.

THE PEEL HEIRLOOMS.

KING STREET, St. James', has this week been frequented by august company. Where Almack's once ran its brilliant course there has been assembled, through the medium of Sir Thomas Lawrence's glowing pencil, an illustrious group of statesmen who many a time strolled along the lively little thoroughfare in the distant days of George the Magnificent. How their reappearance came about can best be explained by consulting the chronicles of the Surface family, immortalised by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Though a cruel catastrophe in the eyes of a certain bourgeois-looking old gentleman, with slightly-powdered hair, who deferentially accompanied the party, the event is one which all who are interested in those stirring times have good reason to welcome. But listen, whose voice is that ringing through the room with a rich, sonorous cadence which latter-day orators would do well to cultivate? "I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old"; and again: "Where that standard waves foreign dominion shall not come!" Ah, there can be no mistaking that speaker. See, he is half-stepping towards us with an upraised arm! The commanding figure, the finely-carved features, the sensitive mouth with its *soupcōn* of scorn, should not leave us long in doubt: it is none other 'than the Right Honourable George Canning, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Leader of the House of Commons.

"The reckless wit who lectured Pitt,
And drove 'the Doctor' wild!"

Though destined to be Prime Minister, he is now in the zenith of his career. Since that mysterious tragedy at North Cray he has come into his own, and made England once more "the proudest among nations." If you doubt it, glance up at the Ambassadors' Gallery, and study the faces there. Prime Minister! Yes, the pity of it, but that is another story. If by ill-luck Sir Thomas had painted him *then*, what a different face it would have been—that air of radiant triumph replaced by one of mingled chagrin and bitterness—the handsome, auburn-haired gentleman close by, the Right Honourable Robert Peel, could tell us a good deal about it if he chose; but he is somewhat secretive, and will keep his own counsel. He, too, is fated to pass through a heavy ordeal, but at present all is going well with him, to the delight of the bourgeois-looking old gentleman already mentioned, who founded the dynasty of cotton kings, subscribed five thousand pounds to Mr. Pitt's war fund, and will leave that comely, gifted son of his an immense fortune which he will know how to appreciate, and an insignificant title which he will contemptuously abhor! If you are sceptical, dip into the lively correspondence of Dicky Milnes, and you will find a certain letter there with a caustic allusion to "the indignity of being a baronet"; not that peerages had any greater attractions for him, or stars and ribands. No; whatever his shortcomings, in such matters he had the merit of being a veritable Gallio, and all honour to him for it! But if coronets and decorations happen to appeal to you, let us pass to yonder side of the room and take stock of the tall, plain, rather commonplace-looking worthy who holds his head in the air, yet with no suggestion of *hauteur*. Though you would hardly think it, he is an earl, a Knight of the Garter, and Prime Minister to boot; ay, and has held that high office for nearly fifteen years! His name? Well, the Foreign Secretary over there used to call him "Jenky"; rather familiar, wasn't it? But, then, you

see, they were undergraduates together. He has another nickname, though, bestowed by a master of sobriquets : "the arch-mediocrity," which, while certainly mordant, is, after all, more respectful, and, although he was not very clever nor much of an orator, a man who has contrived to remain Prime Minister of England for nearly fifteen years is entitled to be treated with a little respect. Hats off, then, to the Right Honourable Robert Banks Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, K.G.; and, for the present, good afternoon to the rest of his companions, of whom we hope to see more another day.

COLOUR VERSUS TONE.

COLOUR and atmosphere express different and perhaps incompatible temperaments. For although the romantic feeling of the Venetians after Giorgione was expressed in good rich colour, we recognise in them that colour was no longer what it had been in the palmy days of fresco painting. What was made, as it were, on the swings, was lost on the roundabouts; the increase of emotion and character expression was accompanied by a loss in telling colour. Certainly, and perhaps inevitably, the world has never again recovered the joy in pure colour that the younger peoples exhibit, nor their exquisite science in producing it. How much of their science and their joy was imposed on them by the nature and limitations of their technique and materials is an interesting consideration, into which we will not go. Nor will we stop to wonder if those primitives would regard with envy the increased range and expression of later art. Another relevant question is the influence of climate and environment on the eye for colour. Too much might be made of climatic conditions in this connection, though not perhaps of environment. Popular theory holds that the bright hues of Persian paintings, for example, are largely to be accounted for by the brilliance of Persian sunlight. But the student of Irish or English illuminated missals knows that hues almost as gay and pure were used in our relatively dismal isles. On the other hand, a constant vision of bright colours certainly stimulates even sluggish eyes to purer efforts.

The show of Persian and Indian paintings at the Fine Art Society comes to our painters in a favourable hour. It may help to moderate the transports of our ferocious neo-colourists, and at the same time clear up the muddy palettes of the sluggards. Ever since Gauguin was discovered and the Russians came among us the need of clarifying our colour became apparent. The shops brightened up their cushions and toilet ware, the posters flamed, and the ultramontane groups of painters ran amok. But, after all their fire and fury, these Persian colourists come rather as a still small voice, declaring the genuine thing so easily, so calmly, and so surely, that there really seems no mystery about it, nor any call for the frantic antics of our admirable reformers. The one thing needed, it appears, given ordinary good pigments, is sound taste and all that that implies. The palettes of these Persians are simple; to catalogue their colours would not be a great task. But to describe their tactful habit of juxtaposing colours with an effect of unique felicity and novelty would be difficult. All that one can say is they had a genius for the right colour in the right place, and ringing the changes on a few pigments wonderfully managed to sustain the element of surprise. Their pictures are fastidious and aristocratic, exhibiting a finesse and cultivated elegance that make our modern struggles look blatant and ill-bred, mere calculated excesses of violent schoolboys, against the flawless style of finished scholars.

This sort of beautiful colour characterises all primitive art. The chief colours used are sapphire, canary yellow, pale onion green, maroon, orange vermilion, and pure vermilion; lilac-blue and lilac-rose; parrot-green and powder blue, with white and gold, viridian and black. All these disposed in flat patches on backgrounds of greyish blue or green, biscuit or gold, tell with unerring tact and charm. Italian frescoes, northern missals, oriental porcelain with its aubergines and rouges de feu, and these Persian paintings all

display a similar delight in gay harmonies and flower-like purity of hue. But their enchanting innocence perished, like Eve's, at the touch of further knowledge. Useless to deplore these inevitable turns of evolution, useless to nourish illusions about returning to the blessed state of Eden *naïveté*. A little four-toed horse, no larger than a dog, may have been a ravishing spectacle; but he had to go. Half, if not two-thirds, of the beauty of primitives' colour is due to their innocence of atmosphere and light. But once man was aware of light and shade, and what he calls *plein-air*, the game was up, as far as flat, unlit colour is concerned. As long as man is working to a standard beyond his grasp, and not consuming his own unreplenished reserves, his art succeeds; but when he goes self-consciously back to obsolete patterns, or lives upon his unrenewed ideas, he languishes and bores.

It may have been a pity that light and shade and atmosphere were ever discovered, if we are disposed to fret about the loss of sheer decorative efficiency. In the same way it might be deplored that in gaining intellectual and human depth man has lost his acuteness of sight and smell. It seems that his young joy in bright, delicate colour could not consort with his increasing sense of sterner things; and obviously he thought it worth while to drop a relatively easy achievement in order to be free to follow something that interested him more. Thus from the charming gaiety of Persian paintings we can pass gradually down the decay of colour until we reach a Whistler or a Matthew Maris, whose extreme expression has no value as colour, and none to speak of as design. It stakes its all on atmosphere and fine shades of relief, only perceptible at a six or five-inch range.

An important exhibition of Maris, in his good period and his bad, is held at the French Gallery. In only one example, "He is coming," is positive colour attempted, and the result, though pleasant, is not especially original or decorative. The justification and the essence of the art that speaks in subtleties of atmosphere and value is "The Outskirts of a Town" (19), dated 1872; the ultimate futility of such an art is but too clear in the fog and formlessness of Maris's last pieces. The beautiful and plaintive mood of "The Outskirts" could only be expressed in this silvery and golden-brown key; the very spirit of its still and haunting beauty is its content of subtle recession and secrets hinted at or gradually revealed. Flash vivid colour in staccato patches into art of this intention, and its soul would pass out through the ether. And yet, as we see in Maris's and Whistler's extreme statements, this kind of art can deteriorate to practical futility, because it violates the law that pictorial expression must be couched in firm design, either of colour or silhouette. Design and colour minister to the physical side of æsthetics; the interpretation of impalpable presences arouses man's deep thought and aspirations. The irremediable difficulty seems to be to discover a perfect compromise that shall secure simultaneous gains both on swings and roundabouts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

From the Pro-Chancellor,
The University, Leeds,
6 December, 1917.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement made on page 433 of your issue of December 1 made by yourself in an article entitled "Epilogue on Education." You state that "the London and provincial universities are mere examining bodies." This statement is simply untrue. If the words "mere examining bodies" mean that these universities examine candidates whom they have not taught, this was true of London, but is no longer so; with regard to the provincial universities, they are forbidden by their charters to grant degrees except to those who have studied at the

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universities themselves for three years or more, and in exceptional cases two years. If you mean that the provincial universities are not residential quite in the same sense as Oxford and Cambridge, that is true, but it is equally true of practically all the universities in the world, except Oxford and Cambridge, and one or two in the United States which are constituted upon the Oxford and Cambridge model. On the other hand, there is an increasing tendency for students of the provincial universities to live at halls or hostels directly or indirectly under the supervision of the universities themselves.

Your statement is so wide of the mark that I think it is due to yourself as well as to your readers that it should be corrected in your columns at the earliest possible opportunity.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
C. M. GILLESPIE.

[Of course we should have written "*teaching and examining bodies*." We apologise, though we should have thought it clear from the context that we were not comparing teaching systems, but collegiate with non-collegiate residence. Whatever the Leeds University may teach, we are sorry to perceive that urbanity is not among its fruits.—Ed. S.R.]

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Landfear Lucas, invites us to admire Lord Northcliffe as representing "the thoughts and aspirations of the people at large." God forbid! I should be sorry to think that Lord Northcliffe is taken in the United States or in France to represent the thoughts of English gentlemen, to say nothing of the British peerage. In the *Matin* of December 2 there is an account of an interview with Lord Northcliffe, when he was asked what he thought of Lord Lansdowne's letter. This is his answer: "Here is my opinion: it is clear, and can be expressed in a single sentence, which I allow you to publish. This letter is the stupid and senile manifestation of a jötard who has lost control of himself. *Cette lettre est la manifestation stupide et senile d'un vieillard qui a perdu le contrôle de lui-même.*" For over a hundred and fifty years, with, I think not more than two breaks of six years, a Lord Lansdowne has been a member of the British Cabinet. The present Lord Lansdowne has served his country as Governor-General of Canada, as Governor-General of India, as Secretary of State for War, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and he has been for a great many years Leader of the House of Lords. He has lost a son in the war, and he is just over seventy years of age. When Lord Northcliffe has served his country and suffered in her cause one-tenth part as much as Lord Lansdowne I will, despite his vulgarity, take off my hat to him—but not till then.—Yours faithfully,

A BRITON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is not, as Mr. J. Landfear Lucas asserts, Lord Northcliffe's mind that has made him powerful, but his money bags. These gave him his controlling interest in the *Times*, so that people had to take in Lord Northcliffe or refuse to take in the *Times*. Similarly his brother, Lord Rothermere, foisted himself upon the men of the North by the purchase of the *Leeds Mercury*, one of the oldest English dailies.

Lord Northcliffe's motto has been "shout with the mob." When there have been two mobs, he has shouted with the bigger. It has been a profitable rule in life. Even our fiery, combative Prime Minister truckles. Two more steps in rank, and our journalistic Napoleon will be able to order the joy bells to ring for peace, happily conscious that no subject can go higher.

The following are some of the sums spent on advertising "National Service": *Daily Mail*, £2,680; *Times*, £1,050; *Daily News*, £1,434; *Daily Chronicle*,

£1,082; *Daily Telegraph*, £1,007; and *Morning Post*, £737. Two Harmsworth papers bag almost half the money.

The objection is not to Northcliffe the journalist, but to Northcliffe, the millionaire proprietor, whose ambition seems a Press dictatorship.—Yours, etc.,

A NORTH COUNTRY JOURNALIST.

POOR OPPRESSED IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I thought you might like to hear how I fared in my journey to my home in the West of Ireland.

I was 4 hours crossing instead of $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I think they must go by some devious route, as they went immensely fast. I struck a very bad morning, as the train was crowded with a very low class of sporting men going to a coursing match. In — I think English people would have opened their eyes at the breakfast in the restaurant-car. Large bowls full of sugar, plates heaped with rolls of butter (not margarine), as much and more bread than anyone could eat, jugs of milk, eggs and bacon, lavish marmalade, tea and coffee! And not a penny increase in price on pre-war times! The talk was all of sport and coursing, and only one mention of the war, when one man threw down the "Independent" with a sneer: "I see the beautiful Britishers have to retire at two points"! I did feel so sore and miserable, and could only think of those patient queues in the Edgware Road waiting for hours to get a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of margarine, sugar, or tea: and then of our men all over the world defending (incidentally) Ireland, that they might sneer and eat and go to races, and not lift a finger! How can such things be?—Yours faithfully, M.

[The lady who records this experience is the wife of an Irish squire and personally known to us.—Ed. S.R.]

HOME RULE FOR INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your excellent article in your issue of September 1st has produced an admirable letter from "Anti-Home Rule."

A side of the question that is not often quoted is that Home Rule for India really means India for the Brahmins. For a very long period the educated Indians were almost entirely Brahmin, and as they were also the most sacred caste in India they were able to influence Indian thought. British rule has given free education to India regardless of race or caste, with the result that the son of a sweeper has just as good a chance of getting employment under Government as the son of a Brahmin. The Brahmin naturally detests such a state of things, as he finds that his high-caste son may have to take orders from and work under the son of a low-caste man. This has resulted in the Brahmins, in Bengal and Bombay in particular, starting the cry of Home Rule for India. India as a whole does not want Home Rule; it is quite happy, and will remain perfectly contented working under British rule, which is, on the whole, extremely sympathetic.

The present Imperial Government in London has shown extremely bad taste and dense ignorance in appointing a Jew as Secretary of State for India. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of India knows that the lowest caste Indian looks on the Jews with contempt. What can they think of a Government which appoints a Jew to the office of Secretary of State?—I am, etc.,

December 5, 1917. A WELL-WISHER OF INDIA.

SUPERVISION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I should like to say at the outset that I am not writing this letter from a "technical" point of view; I mean that it is not intended for masters so much as for those who find themselves faced with the problem

of choosing the best Public School for their sons. This choice is always full of difficulty, because so many requirements seem to demand fulfilment. Of these perhaps the most important is a fair balance between individual freedom and external control in the formation of a boy's character. A parent may well ask himself this question : "To what extent should my boy be left to himself and to what extent should he be under the direct observation and direction of a master?" It is well known that the period of adolescence is a critical stage in a boy's life, an age characterised by want of control, restlessness, and premature reachings out after manhood. Every parent is anxious that his son should receive wise and sympathetic guidance during this period. Can such guidance be guaranteed to the parent? My experience so far tells me that in a school where the monitorial system is granted practically unlimited scope of action, in a school where the master is most often found in his own part of the house shut off from the boys, that in such a school reliable guarantees cannot be given that a boy is developing on thoroughly sound lines. I think I cannot illustrate this point better than by describing as simply as I can my experience of three public schools in which the duties of supervision vary considerably.

The first of these schools stands very high in the estimation of the public. It is usually named in the first five of our most celebrated schools. I spent four years there as a boy. I was in a house of about sixty boys. In this house we had our meals, did our preparation, slept, and spent many of our leisure hours. The system of "fagging" was in force. The house-master appeared at lunch, for a short time during evening preparation, and made one round of the dormitories at a fixed time. He was a married man, and spent the rest of his time—when he was not teaching, of course—in the private part of the house. No other master ever entered the house for any reason whatever. The discipline was maintained practically entirely by the monitors. If the monitors were of good character, strong, and reliable the house to some extent reflected their spirit. If they were of bad character—I need not continue. But I am compelled to state in the interests of public school education, in which I believe whole-heartedly, that my house was as near an approach to the school house at Fernhurst in the "Loom of Youth" as a house could possibly be. And I ascribe this to want of supervision on the part of the house-master, a man for whom I have the most profound respect, but who, I now think, made a fatal mistake in entrusting the morals of his house to six boys who were passing through the turbulent age of adolescence.

I pass to the second school—also one well known to the public. Here I held a mastership. I received my board and lodging in addition to my salary. I lived in one of the houses. The school is built in the shape of a quadrangle formed by the house, in which masters were assigned rooms. The house-masters are unable to marry as they, too, have merely two rooms each. By this system a house-master might have one or more masters "quartered" in his house, but they did not in my time share duties with him. They were not, in fact, placed there for that purpose at all. The house-master, being a bachelor, saw a good deal of the boys, and had opportunities of knowing how his boys were shaping. But the burden placed on his shoulders was, in my view, excessive. At least it was excessive if he was conscientious! He was in theory, and occasionally in practice, on duty at all times when the boys were in the house, and he was expected to be on the spot all the time. If it be granted that the average house-master is endowed with indefatigable energy, an unfailing stock of good humour, and an exceptionally robust physique, then his house will benefit from his administration; but the average master, after teaching six hours, hardly possesses these qualities.

Now I come to the third school, where I am working at present. This school, as the others, is divided up into houses, but here each house-master has one or more house-tutors living in the house, and they share

the supervision. The house-master is, of course, responsible for the house as a whole, but he does not take all supervision duties, neither does he hand them all over to monitors. Both masters are present at breakfast and lunch and one at tea. Each day one is officially responsible for preparation and dormitory duties, and is not expected to leave the school at any time during the day. Duties of an unofficial kind arise into which I need not enter, but the tendency is to ensure that masters may mix with the boys at any time without indulging in any undue interference. But it is impossible to give in words an accurate impression of a régime of this kind. It has to be seen to be understood.

I might add that from our point of view life is hardly the pleasurable experience that fell to the lot of a master in the first school I have described. I have a bedroom in the middle of dormitories and a study in a noisy passage! I never have a quiet breakfast or lunch, neither have I a room I can call my own! But it is difficult to believe that when all these disadvantages accrue to us, the boys do not benefit to some extent.—I am, yours, etc., HOUSE TUTOR.

1st December, 1917.

"THE CULT OF THE COWARD."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have before me one of the monthly reviews, *The English Review* for December, in which the novelist, "Rita," by way one can only suppose of encouraging the polite and cultured Hun, eulogises those heroic shirkers, who, convinced of their own priceless value to the nation, decide that not for them is the crude and primitive work of destroying the enemies of civilisation, still less of being in their turn killed by them. Let them rather sit at home in ease and comfort, crooning little lovesongs and lullabies, or painting futurist pictures for the delectation of others of their heroic temperament, for, say they, quoting "Rita's" inspired words, "why should the horrible whirlpool of war engulf the finest intellects and noblest gifts of mankind?"

Who, Sir, denies that "the world will be the poorer for many wasted gifts" during this fearful war, who does not deplore it? Yet if all those who were not "born with the fighting instinct" had shown only the heroic "courage" to stop at home, it is pretty sure that only the Cultured Hun would be left in a position to enjoy the output of the Poet and the Artist.

But according to "Rita," "some have stood sternly aloof, with the heroic cowardice that has its own code of honour; they have suffered and been strong in a world of their own meaning, and with a disregard for criticism that is in itself a form of courage."

Might we suggest that a man who refuses to fight in defence of his home and country is made of such base metal that whether he be accounted brave or cowardly is of small moment to him so only that he saves his skin? Dullard, the lash of contempt falls upon a hide impervious to all but the flatteries of his smug fellows—"Let the common herd go forth to die, I am made of finer clay."

In conclusion, "Rita" tells us that these heroes of hers "remain apart." Let us thank God for that; indelibly stained by their own act of selfish cowardice, they indeed stand aside for all eternity, whilst the bright spirits of those who have given their lives in this great adventure through the city of God in their shining white armour, and men and women in all lands remember them with love and thankfulness for having shown them that greater than intellect, greater than genius, was their simple answer to the call of duty.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—Yours faithfully,

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

The House in the Wood, Woodham, Woking,
December 10th, 1917.

15 December 1917

LADY ROBERTS' FIELD GLASS FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With a restricted issue your readers will excuse the shortest possible letter, and it will be good of you to find room for that.

This fund, Lord Roberts' last inspiration for the Army, has now issued 30,000 instruments, and has no funds beyond the sum necessary for returning the glasses to their owners in accordance with his wish. Our main expense is repairing the glasses that come back to us for re-issue.

We could carry on and meet our repairing bills with one thousand pounds. I am in a position to say that the need justifies the request. May I, therefore, make it?—Yours faithfully,

JOHN PENOYRE.

64, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

December 11, 1917.

Address for sending cheques (also any field glasses and telescopes that can still be spared): The Manager, Lady Roberts' Field Glass Fund, 64, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

"A PLACE IN THE SUN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The above in a public speech seems as inevitable as King Charles' head in the memorial. I don't know if the Kaiser's idea is supposed to be original: In "Les Mémoires d'un Médecin" (written probably about 1850) Dumas makes Gilbert say, "La terre est grande, il y a de place pour tout le monde au soleil." Bismarck's supposed remark, "Leave them only their eyes to weep with" occurs in Dumas ("Vingt ans après" or "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne") and in Balzac ("Le Père Goriot").—Yours faithfully,

December 12.

W.

PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The complicated questions raised by the Earl of Dysart are quite foreign to the extreme simplicity of my purpose in the letter to which he refers; nor do they affect in the least degree the facts which it contained. It is a fact that the Bible predicts the return of the Jews to their own land: it is a fact that numbers of people have in consequence been expecting this event for many years, to occur about this very time: it is a fact that it has now been authoritatively announced as one of our war aims. It is also a fact, as I suggested, that in many respects the predictions of Scripture are being verified before our eyes in ways utterly beyond human calculation, a fact which constitutes an emphatic call to the nation to restore the Bible to its proper place.

I could say a good deal upon the points in the Earl of Dysart's letter, but I fear it would only confuse the simplicity of the issue as summarised above.

Yours faithfully,

W. S. HOOTON.

12, King Edward's Drive, Harrogate,
December 10th, 1917.

THE CORRUPTION OF LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We are aware that abbreviations are not new in English, as is shown by the familiar word "mob," which has long left slang and become ordinary English. Addison, in one of his inimitable *Spectators*, protested against these curtailments, but we have at present surely more of them than we need. The Army revels in obscure collections of capital letters, and must, we suppose, retain its shibboleths. But the mere civilian tolerates or enjoys these contractions because they are part of the smart lingo of the music halls, which is imitated by the up-to-date purveyors of personal twaddle who pretend to go everywhere and

know everybody who is prominent or eminent. When the smart female writes she is worse, for she fills her page with sickly little babyisms about "ickle me," writes "cos" for because, and "ta" for thank you.

Some time since Thomas Hardy spoke of the increasingly slipshod English which characterises the twentieth century. It is the business of education to improve this and maintain a decent standard of language. But, unfortunately, education nowadays is largely carried on by the cheaper Press—which is, to put it mildly, not in the hands of lovers of English. And when we come to the world of books, we find novelists perpetually ignoring the few rules of grammar which schoolboys are supposed to know. We have even heard that one of our "best sellers" has to get his work done by somebody else into something approximating to English before it gets on the market.

All decently educated people must be aware of these signs of degeneration. Why do they not protest?

Yours sincerely,

H. AND R.

"FOOD ECONOMY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In these times, when the Food question is so much discussed, may I express surprise that no one ever suggests the word "soup," which is one of the most nutritious and economical forms of food, and almost the staple food of many other countries, France, Belgium, Italy, etc. In France the pot-au-feu is always simmering by the fire in houses of every class and what is thrown away in England finds its way into it. Scraps of meat, broken bread, bones, and every kind of vegetable, including the inevitable onion, make an excellent soup which the population in France practically subsist upon.

In a newspaper the other day I observed that amongst various other things being sent out of England into France were "large quantities of live poultry." I should have thought that when poultry is so expensive that very few people can afford it, and eggs are a prohibitive price, this would have been the last thing to be exported, when there is so much shortage of provisions of all kinds, especially to a country so famous for their production. Last summer, whilst in a fruit shop in London, I inquired why melons were so scarce and had risen so enormously in price, and the reply was: "Because we are sending them out to the Front." This appeared somewhat unnecessary, as France is renowned for its quantity and variety of fruit, and melons are frequently grown in the open fields.

It is difficult to understand, when the Food Controllers are endeavouring to impress upon the nation the need of economy owing to the shortage of food from submarine warfare, why it should be stated by others in high positions that "this great hope of the Central Powers had failed them," thereby at once discouraging the necessity of economy. Certain unpublished reports from the East Coast do not appear quite in unison with the above statements, but in England we are apt to under-rate our foes.

G. C. W.

RE "FEMALE DRESS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There should be comfort to those who are sincerely distressed by unwomanly extravagance at such a time in the appearance of a large and increasing number of women who are to-day whole-heartedly renouncing comfort and ease for the sake of wearing their country's uniform.

The remaining patriots amongst us, probably a large majority, have had neither the necessity nor the inclination for costly apparel; but we have learnt to be less petty, and to make allowances for those who have.—

Yours obediently, TERESA FAITH BISHOP.

Hillcote, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Dec. 1, 1917.

REVIEWS.

CROWN AND CONSTITUTION.

The Monarchy in Politics. By James Anson Farrer. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

IN an unwritten Constitution like the British the centre of political gravity is constantly shifting. The Tudors and Stuarts governed as well as reigned, and the House of Lords took away their power. The House of Commons has now taken away power from the House of Lords and concentrated it in its own hands. Mr. J. A. Farrer's book starts from the reign of George III., and traces in a very interesting way the influence of the Crown in British politics from the middle of the eighteenth to the end of the nineteenth century. Theoretically, the British Constitution consists of the Crown, and the Three Estates of the Realm, the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the Commons. The assent of these four powers was until 1911 necessary to all Acts of Parliament. But the assent of two estates, the lords spiritual and the lords temporal may now be dispensed with under the Parliament Act in cases where a Bill has been thrice passed by the Commons, while the assent of the Crown has come to be regarded as purely formal. These great changes in the functions of the Crown and the first two estates of the realm have been effected in the last six years. There is no trace or hint of them in the vivacious narrative of Mr. Farrer. George III., George IV., and William IV. and Queen Victoria, all interfered frequently and vigorously in the politics of their day, and would have deemed themselves grossly insulted if anybody had suggested that the Crown was a cipher. Mr. Farrer has collected in this volume a number of facts, familiar to all students, which he has arranged skilfully so as to bear upon his theme, the influence of the Sovereign in the government of Britain. There are one or two inaccuracies of names and dates; but we can recommend the book to serious readers, who wish to examine historically the exercise of kingly power by the House of Hanover.

George III. was one of those dangerous people whose ordinary madness bears a strong resemblance to the sanity of the majority, and who are at any moment liable to be projected by contradiction into confinable madness. Byron once acted as best man to a bridegroom who shortly after the ceremony went mad. Upon being reproached by the father of the bride for allowing his daughter to marry a madman, Byron replied that his friend didn't strike him as being madder than anybody else about to marry. George III., in his prosecution of the American War, didn't strike his subjects as being a bit madder than themselves. But George was never really sane, as his intense personal dislike to Chatham, whom he called after death "the trumpet," (not as Mr. Farrer writes, the tempest) "of sedition," and to Fox and Burke (until he wrote his "French Revolution") abundantly proves. Not that he was wrong in fighting the rebels, but he should have seen it was done effectively, instead of being trifled away by Lord George Germaine and others. George III. was truly described as "a party leader" by his son William IV. He scanned the division lists far more keenly than his Prime Minister did. What can a Minister do with a King who, whenever Catholic emancipation is mentioned to him, goes mad? For thirty years the Catholics were kept out of their civil rights, and the union with Ireland was blighted for a century, by the insane bigotry of the King.

George IV. was ten years Regent and ten years King. He was intelligent, and fond of music and books, but his taste was vulgar, and he was really interested in nothing but himself and his so-called love affairs. It is a fact that for about thirteen years, from 1807 to 1820, the pivot of English party politics was the chastity of the Princess of Wales, whose unhappy fortunes were exploited in the most heartless fashion by Whigs and Tories. It is true that we were engaged in a mortal struggle with Napoleon, but the battles of the Peninsular War were far less interesting to the party politicians and the Regent than the question

whether Perceval or Liverpool would publish "The Book," containing the details of "The delicate investigation." The scandal of Queen Caroline's trial, combined with the economic distress that followed Waterloo, would almost certainly have produced a revolution, when the poor woman died, and Castlereagh cut his throat. Luckily for himself, George IV. got hold of Canning as his Prime Minister, whose commanding genius saved the Throne. By flattering Lady Conyngham, taking her son as his private secretary, and promoting to a distant embassy a handsome young noble of whom George was jealous, Canning managed to keep the King quiet and to postpone the revolution, which, in the shape of the Great Reform Bill, broke out as soon as he died in 1830.

Injustice has been done to the kindly if somewhat comical old man, whose difficult lot it was to preside over the revolution. Mr. Farrer calls him "William the Conquered," presumably because he was obliged to consent to Lord Grey's demand for the creation of peers in order to carry the Reform Bill. Lord Grey demanded sixty peers, which is modest when compared with Mr. Asquith's 500. William IV. was the last British King who talked about vetoing a Bill, and who actually dismissed his Ministers because he didn't like them. In 1834 King William called upon Lord Melbourne to resign, and sent for Sir Robert Peel, who was then in Rome. Peel formed a Tory Government, appealed to the country, failed to get a majority, but had "confidence in his measures," and five months later, in April, 1835, was turned out by a vote in the House of Commons. William had to reinstate the ejected Melbourne, so that his little *coup d'état* looked like a failure; but it was not altogether one, for he got rid of Brougham. Allowance has not been made for the difficulty of William's position, who was called at an advanced age to king a revolution. We do not know whether William wrote his own letters, or whether they were written by Sir Henry Taylor: but they are certainly not the letters of a fool.

The part of Mr. Farrer's book to which most readers will turn with greatest attention is his account of the intervention in politics of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. That intervention, though concealed for a time from the public, was constant and energetic. The hands were Victoria's, but the voice was Albert's. From 1841 to his death in 1861 Prince Albert prompted the Queen to assert her right to be consulted by the Cabinet before deciding upon any important step in home and foreign politics. The Queen insisted on all despatches to Foreign Powers and all drafts of Bills being sent to her, and in both she made alterations, and was very angry if they were not adopted by her Ministers. The language of her letters is clearly that of a Sovereign who regards the Ministers as her servants, to be chosen and dismissed at her pleasure, and responsible to her rather than to Parliament. Had the Prince Consort not died, when only a third of the reign was sped, this attempted exercise of the prerogative must have led to serious trouble. As it was, the twenty years between 1845 and 1865 were one long wrangle between the Court and Lords Palmerston and Russell. And this wrangling had the most disastrous effect upon our foreign policy, and consequently upon our present position. Prince Albert was a pattern of domestic virtue, and he knew a great deal more of what books can teach than the Englishmen whom he met. He was, in short, a prize prig, who lectured everybody and cross-examined everybody in a strong German accent. His private adviser was a German professor named Stockmar, as the Queen's was Uncle Leopold of Belgium. Of course, the Court was intensely German, and equally, of course its foreign policy was Austro-German. Palmerston and Russell wanted to join the Emperor of the French in freeing Italy from Austria: the Court wanted to go to war against France in defence of Austria. Russell and Palmerston wanted to prevent Prussia and Austria from falling on Denmark and seizing the Duchies. There is evidence recently discovered that Russia and France would have joined England in protecting Denmark. But Victoria

would not hear of any coalition against the German powers, and forced Palmerston and Russell to eat their words. When Prussia conquered Austria, and then drew France into the disaster of 1870, the Court kept England out of the discussion. Never did Britain sink so low in Continental opinion and Germany rise so high as in Victoria's reign. The old Queen did not die a moment too soon. Luckily for England her son King Edward saw the danger ahead, reversed the engines, and backed full speed into the harbour of France. But we have reached the limit of Mr. Farrer's volume, which will prove a profitable and entertaining guide for those who wish to compare the present position of the Monarch with that of his more powerful predecessors.

THE GLADSTONE CULT.

**Some Hawarden Letters (1878-1913) to Mrs. Drew.
Arranged by L. March-Phillips and B. Christian.
Nisbet and Co. 15s. net.**

MANY clever men wrote to Mrs. Drew (Mary Gladstone), who had the gift of eliciting confidences. We cannot say that the letters from Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Browning, Dr. Holland, Canon Ottley, Professor James Stuart, Alfred Lyttelton, are interesting or amusing. The really good things in this selection are Lord Acton's estimate of Gladstone as a statesman, two or three scraps from Mr. Arthur Balfour, and the concluding chapters devoted to that tragically charming person, Mr. George Wyndham.

Lord Acton was a cold-blooded and accurate pedant on all subjects save one: the Grand Old Man. On the character and career of Gladstone he became enthusiastic to the point of absurdity. In 1880 Acton gave Mary Gladstone "the judgment of posterity" on her father, according to which Gladstone combined the highest merits of Chatham, Fox, the younger Pitt, Canning, and Peel, without their drawbacks: as an orator he was "la grandeur de Berryer avec la souplesse de Thiers"; as a political genius he was the superior of Burke! Surely this is infatuation; eulogy run mad. But Acton, though a Liberal, was no democrat; and in commenting on Gladstone's union of theory and policy, he contributes a page of profound and penetrating philosophy on democracy which we should like to print as a leaflet, and distribute amongst publicists and legislators. The characteristic story of Mr. Arthur Balfour's indecision as to whether he should take the right or left-hand branch of his staircase has been quoted by all the papers: but even better is the story of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, the vainest of men, who had attacked Mr. Balfour violently in the Press. Some months later Wyndham wrote: "I want you to be very forgiving, and to come and dine with me to meet Wilfrid Blunt," to which Mr. Balfour replied: "My dear George, I don't know if I am very forgiving; but I am very forgetting, and, not having the least idea to what you refer, I can only say I shall be delighted to dine with you to meet Wilfrid Blunt." Whether this was a pose, or the truth, it was the answer of a *grand seigneur*. In 1891 Mr. Balfour wrote of someone, whose name is left in blank (was it not poor Wyndham?): "It has always been, and still is, in my opinion a toss-up whether his genius will float his amazing business incapacity, or whether his business incapacity will sink his genius. . . It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth." The two last chapters are devoted to George Wyndham, as a man of letters and a politician, going over the sad story of his resignation of the Irish Chief Secretaryship—how many reputations has Ireland swallowed! and hurrying on to his sudden death in 1913, with all of which we have dealt with in a previous number of the *Saturday Review*.

There never was such a self-centred and self-satisfied family group as the Gladstones, the Glynnnes, and the Lytteltons. Indeed, there is more than a faint aroma of Pharisaism about their doings and sayings, more than a suspicion of thankfulness that they are not as

the outer world. The way in which the group speak of this member or that as "the salt of the earth" would be amusing, were it not slightly irritating. The cant of the crowd was that Gladstone was a Saint on Earth, and that Disraeli was not only a misguided politician, but a bad, a very bad, man. "Devilish" was the favourite epithet which Gladstone used when speaking of his rival. This odious and ungenerous feeling was illustrated when the two statesmen died. On Lord Beaconsfield's death, in 1881, the Gladstone doveot was much perturbed by the question whether "W. G." could, compatibly with the moral law, pay a funeral tribute to one of the greatest parliamentarians of history. Burne Jones, whose adulation was rewarded by a baronetcy, was "quite clear that I do not care about Dizzy's death at all." Lord Acton, the Mentor and Referee of the circle, was applied to, and in a burst of illiberality not usual to him, gave a strong opinion that as Gladstone had brought Lord Beaconsfield "to a dishonoured end," and that as "the man was more false than his doctrine," and that as he had "demoralised public opinion," etc., etc., by no means could the Great and Good Old Man praise him after death. We have Lord Morley's authority that the halting speech which Gladstone actually delivered "cost him much searching of the heart beforehand." Not one word of generous admiration for a dead rival, not a syllable of forgotten animosities, is to be found in the Gladstone circle of this period! But when Gladstone died, in 1898, we are given to understand that darkness fell upon the earth, and that the whole world mourned the passing of a great and noble life. The House of Commons was "penetrated with the sense of irreparable loss; every man in black." What is the meaning of this nonsense? For half a century Gladstone was at the head of one party, and Disraeli at the head of the other: each had his admirers and his enemies. Disraeli's career was not without spots: but was Gladstone's? A large number of his countrymen think that his abandonment of Gordon, his reduction of our national defences, his proposed betrayal of the Ulster loyalists, his attacks upon the House of Lords, his setting of the masses against the classes, demoralised public opinion far more seriously than Disraeli's Reform Act, or his Eastern policy. The steady growth of Lord Beaconsfield's fame and the steady decline of interest in Gladstone during the last ten years make the malicious whisper of a coterie look rather foolish to-day. Be that as it may, any one who wishes to understand the inner feelings of a group that was powerful at the close of the nineteenth century must read this bundle of Hawarden letters.

HEINE "AS HE IS SPOKE."

The Poetical Works of Heinrich Heine. In Four Volumes. Translated by T. Brooksbank and Margaret Armour. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. per volume net.

TRANSLATIONS of signal poetry should render the spirit, not the letter, of their originals, and suggest, where they cannot repeat, the sensitive metres to which they vibrate. Whenever versions are dictionary-made, they degenerate into perversions, reminiscent of Mark Twain's 'Mr. Garnham, B.A.', with his "Above wonderfully there" (of Heine's 'Lorelei'), or the immortal 'Portuguese Handbook' or the Guide to the Munich Gallery, with its "A landskip perfused with may-bugs"—a word, by the by, that actually finds a place in this series. Translations should be interpretations, not unconscious amusements.

This is especially true of Heine in both his main aspects, the lyrical and the ironical-pathetic. The psalmist of modern feeling demands a sympathy steeped in his atmosphere, delicately perceptive, too, of all the lights, shades, and influences that compose it. You must both feel and receive Heine, if you are to give him again. And you must choose those forms of sound and expression which fit his nearest English affinities. These charming little books, it is true, form a popular edition of old efforts, but they remain an

official source for the uninitiated, and still challenge criticism.

Heine styled himself an " unfrocked Romantic." The refrain of love among the ruins haunts his whole utterance. His very mockeries are passionate-warped enthusiasms; and behind all his bitter-sweetnesses of thought and sensation lurks the background of a race-inheritance peculiar even of its kind. In his very blasphemies he believes, he weeps in his laughter, and in his hardnesses he is soft. Often, too, he floats in mid-air between the spiritual and the sensual, scattering wit and wistfulness like thistledown as he wavers in the realm of ideas. His cadences are the music of his moods, and he owns the power of condensing with intense completeness a whole cycle of emotion in a line, and sometimes a syllable. With his freshest and earliest songs the wording of Burns seems most in keeping. "O, my love's like a red, red rose" is far more like Heine's voice than anything in these volumes, and "They mind me of my love" would really translate the last line of that exquisite song about the Madonna in Cologne Cathedral. Heine, too, created folk-songs so ancient that they are ever new, and spectres of dream that outdo flesh and blood. For the first the ballads in Percy might set the tune; for the second, the phrasing of 'Christabel' and 'The Ancient Mariner'—for these, too, are modernly mediaeval and vividly mystic. In his poignant irony Byron may help us, though Byron lacks the *naïveté* of Heine's naughtiness and "the lips maliciously sentimental." Prose affinities also lend themselves to the Heinesque—Sterne, Cervantes, Lucian. And there is that wonderful Alcharisi whom Heine has celebrated. Above all, the language of the Bible and of Shakespeare's lyrics are immanent influences.

We look in vain for many of these strains in the clumsy, though unrevised, versions of the late Mr. Brooksbank or the infinitely better and often really successful ones of Mrs. Macdougall ("Margaret Armour"), the present continuers of Mr. Leland's attempt to Anglicise Heine's entire works. Neither of them has seized enough either of the volcanic force or the volatile salt. Mr. Brooksbank, though we recognise his conscientiousness, too often ekes out his rhymes with dull and tedious excrescences. Mrs. Macdougall is under the impression that the "e" in "Thetis" is long.

Take the best known of all the songs, "The Two Grenadiers," a folk-song aglow with Napoleon. We get:

"Towards France there journeyed two grenadiers
Who had long been prisoners in Russia.
But they drooped their heads as they crossed the
frontiers,
And trod on the soil of our Prussia."

Where here is the sub-melody of the Marseillaise, why "our Prussia," the very name of which Heine abominates, and why this halting journalese? Lame as the following is, it might serve better—

"Franceward two grenadiers were bound,
Their Russian captivity ended.
But as they marched over German ground,
In sorrow their heads were bended.
In "On the Wings of Song," again, nothing can
excuse
"Away to the Ganges prairie."

It is fabulously bad. Why, in the name of bathos, "prairie," which does not even rhyme to "bear thee"? This is sheer song-murder, and so is "I know no grudge" for the lovely sigh which Schumann married to music. Even in the May-song, which we gratefully own as much nearer a standard, "the tender love upgrowing" quite misses the beauty of "upspringing," for which, too, an assonance is at hand. What are we to say to "I cherish the sweet recollection," and "There sits on that summit 'olden," and "Is making a mighty row"? Even in the beautiful "My child, we once were children," the last stanza fails both in ring and rhyme, substituting "truth" for trust.

One of Mr. Brooksbank's efforts, however, is well turned, the "Death is to me the cool, still night," though "for" might be an improvement on "to," and the last line which puts "sleep" instead of "dream" is a disfigurement.

Parts of the pungent 'Germany,' with its facets of quick, shifting satire, are rather awkwardly handled by Mrs. Macdougall; but her 'Atta Troll,' a fantasia of fantoccini, goes uniformly better. In very difficult passages she is at her best, and throughout we feel that she absorbs the theme. In the morbid dream episode, indeed, she is admirable, and we only wish we had space for quotation. She succeeds, too, in the "Jehuda Ben Halevy," with its fiercely-frivolous trochaics. On the other hand, in quite another *scherzo serioso*, her "You were a blode young lady most refined," rather appals us; while in the two sharp-sad epilogues that close the "mattress-grave" she is not so satisfactory.

We fully own the honest effort and good will of all concerned. Prussia censored and exiled the leader of "Young Germany" for hating and unmasking her. He loved and laughed and railed and wasted and pined and died, a cynic-enthusiast. Yet never for a moment did he barter away his divine birthright of song and vision. To mistranslate him is to exile him again into that limbo of the unrecognisable which immortality defies.

A QUAKER HISTORIAN.

Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin. By Louise Creighton. Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

MRS. CREIGHTON transports her readers at once into the tranquil atmosphere of the Society of Friends. Thomas Hodgkin, the well-known historian, was born a Quaker, and a Quaker he remained to the end of his long life, though doubts troubled him at times, inclining him in the direction of the Church of England. The portrait she presents is serene but a trifle monotonous. There are too many birthday letters, written in a tone of affectionate retrospect, and a superabundance of religious discussions with Sir Edward Fry and other intimates. An excellent summary by Sir George Newman really tells us all we want to know about Hodgkin's relations with the Quaker community. He took little part in its administration, but he lent it intellectual and moral support, and in his old age he pluckily underwent a voyage to Australia and New Zealand to rally the Friends in those distant regions.

Hodgkin's life was one of unusual happiness. When ill-health prevented him from reading for the Bar, he found an opening in banking. His partners must have been tolerant souls, since he found ample time for travel, lectures and literary pursuits. If he had to leave one house, another suited to his needs immediately offered itself, and he wrote among delightful surroundings. Though debarred, as a Quaker born, from the older Universities, he came under such sound teachers as Henry Mallen, F. W. Newman and A. H. Clough at University College, London. And when the spirit of authorship began to stir within him, he had as a neighbour Mandell Creighton, to inspire the early volumes of "Italy and Her Invaders," and a friend in Prof. Bryce to introduce him to the delegates of the Clarendon Press. Thus it was that Hodgkin, from a local antiquary, rose to be an historian of European and American reputation. His merits and demerits have been pretty well apprised by this time. As was inevitable with his upbringing, he failed to perceive the meaning of the Papacy, and disposed of it, not with "a solemn sneer," like Gibbon, but with modern flippancy. His style, too, especially in his first edition, seldom rose above the daily paper level. But he did sound, honest work, and that in chaotic, uninventing periods that Gibbon had slurred over, and the end of his labours showed a material advance on the beginning. He was fond of figures.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL SECTION.

Extract from the Hague Peace Conference held in 1907, to which Germany was a Signatory Power :—

‘Prisoners of War... must be humanely treated.’

GERMANY has utterly failed to keep her part of the compact, and the testimony of our men who have been repatriated is that

‘But for the parcels sent from home we would have starved.’

DO not forget our brave men who are prisoners of War, and who, during the trying months we are now entering into, will more than ever need our help.

Over 50,000 parcels have already been sent out by this Society, but more money is urgently required to meet the growing needs of our men.

Kindly send a donation at once to The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, 7, Savoy Hill, London, W.C. 2.



THE
**ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION
FOR THE RELIEF OF
BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR.**

Registered under the War Charities Act.
Authorised by the Central Prisoners of War Committee.

One of the Saddest Sights!

British prisoners write daily imploring help for their Allied comrades who stand miserably round watching while our men open their parcels. They say, “One of the saddest sights is the look of the poor fellows for whom there is no packet when these are given out.” Naturally there is little to spare for these poor starving creatures (who pick up the refuse thrown away, and lick out the tins), though our brave fellows must often unselfishly deprive themselves, as they say, “We do our best for them.” The

BRITISH and ALLIES PRISONERS OF WAR FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

—a voluntary organisation—started work in 1914, and has assisted nearly 3,000 men of 14 different nationalities, without any overlapping. The parcels arrive safely and regularly, and are most thankfully acknowledged. The wounded and sick are specially cared for. Owing to shortage of funds we are compelled to refuse 100 pitiful new appeals weekly.

WON'T YOU HELP

to maintain (and extend) the good work, which means so much to the prisoners?

Donations most gratefully received by the Hon. Secretary, Miss E. ORD, SANDS HALL, SEDGEFIELD, Co. DURHAM.

RECENT VICTORIES

in the Holy Land The CAPTURE of GAZA & BEERSHEBA

has opened up large areas for relief work, and FOOD, CLOTHING & MEDICINES are already being distributed to the starving and destitute peoples. Relief is given to all in need, Christian, Jew & Arab alike

£50,000 NEEDED AT ONCE

Send your donation TO-DAY to the Secretary, Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, 110, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W. 1

APPEAL SECTION.

15 DECEMBER 1917,

THE GOOD CAUSE OF CHARITY.

A WRITER near the beginning of the war delivered himself of the following hint in a daily newspaper:—"Mayfair, which has always been prominent in charitable work, can surely spare some of its fine raiment, if not to clothe the naked, assuredly to feed the hungry." The vision of lace omelettes and silk soufflés engendered by this appeal is certainly odd; but the sentiment is sound in the main, only spoilt, perhaps, by a desire for brevity unusual in the journalist. Fripgeries, "superfluous and very necessary," as Voltaire puts it, are still advertised by the persons of smart women, who disgust the better part of their sex.

The public, whether living in Mayfair or elsewhere, maintains its generosity in these dismal days. It is paying an immense sum daily for the war—one, indeed, that might be thought to render private charity in many cases a superfluity; but things are not so arranged with us, and even some of the necessities of war for our soldiers come to them largely through the personal organisation and effort of public-spirited persons rather than official care. Official follies, indeed, as in countering at an early stage in the war any further supplies from the vast army of knitters who help our soldiers to face the winter, have had to be corrected by organisers with a longer vision and a more potent imagination.

Nothing is nobler than the sacred name of Charity, but, like Liberty, it has on occasion been degraded to serve alien purposes. One of the later fabulists explains that Mnemosyne, who was the mother of the nine Muses by Jupiter, produced by mortal wedlock another child named Charity. Rich in all the graces which came from association with her sisters, and schooled in the garden of Truth and Beauty, she descended from Parnassus to bless the race of miserable men. Her progress was received everywhere with acclamation. She did good gracefully and wisely, as one who receives rather than gives. But one day she met an agreeable mortal, Patronage, who proclaimed himself a fit companion, as being on the same beneficent business as herself, and pointed to the wide sphere in which he had interested himself. Pleased at first with his admirable society, she had her doubts of him later, but she found it difficult to shake him off. Worse, he insisted on introducing her to a lively, but ill-mannered, companion called Impudence. Since that time, though she has lost none of her godlike attributes, and still calls the graces of the Muses to her aid, she has been somewhat besmirched by the mortal companions whose intimacy with her she allows occasionally to be resumed. But the great mass of mortals, content with her benefits, do not perceive the deterioration visible now and again in her manners. Thus the fabulist, whose fancy is not obsolete to-day. The abuse of charity in these dark days was notorious long before any means were taken to control it. The pungent and well-justified comments of our contemporary, *Truth*, did not apparently reach the authorities in the early days of the war. The swindler reaped a rich harvest in the name of Charity, which with him began and ended at home. At last we have a list of registered war charities, from which various enterprising organisations are struck off, and the public has the means to know for what it is giving and how the money is spent.

The best sort of Charity is like a bad piano-player in that its right hand does not know what its left hand is doing. Charity should not need such expedients as the Flag Days, in which the charms of women and even young girls are used in the open streets to cajole the casual wayfarer. Nor is it necessary that the exponents of these and similar methods should be daily presented to the gaze of everyone in the public prints, joining that section of society which appears to be anxious to form a photocracy.

The causes which we put before our readers are all good, and their appeals should meet with a good

response. Against all the national shortcomings and failures we may put with just pride the wonderful work that has been done in many ways to alleviate the trials and horrors of war. Organisations of this sort seldom make their appeal in vain, for they can call to their aid a cloud of witnesses. The Red Triangle of the Y.M.C.A., whose praise was celebrated in a book of prose and verse we noticed last week, is known everywhere; it travels from the streets of London to many a battlefield. But we should not forget those at home who, if they never travel, are no less entitled to the praise of "the much-enduring" than Ulysses. The war has given us heroes abroad whom we gladly recognise and honour. But little is known of those who work on at home with straitened means and with an uncomplaining stoicism which is no less heroic than the exploits of a V.C. There are charities which existed before the war, and now that it has long been with us—"none-sparing" war as Shakespeare calls it—they are in more need than ever of the funds which will enable them to continue their work. Nor is this a matter of mere sentimental kindness, of picturesque aid which a cynic might decry because its main object is to please the donor—to make him, as the Americans vividly say, "feel good." National health is a matter on which the future of the nation depends. Much has been done, but much remains to do, as every intelligent reader must perceive who has seen the revelations of recent years. Pope's couplet is still true:

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity."

THE CHURCH ARMY.

The good work that has been done, year in and year out, by organisations such as the Church Army, has now been turned into channels of immediate importance. The Church Army has nine hundred centres scattered on all fronts, from France to India. These huts furnish our soldiers with food, drink, and rest. To them come the men with whole skins and the wounded who can manage to walk, to whom they are a godsend. The padre will give the necessary food and drink, and with a few kindly words lighten the load of many.

This year, Christmas cheer will be given to sailors and soldiers in all their recreation huts and tents, in the training camps at home and remote naval bases in the north; at ports and bases in France, under shell-fire on the western front, in Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Macedonia, Mesopotamia, East Africa, and India; also in the society's numerous hostels for men home on leave. This good cheer is also being provided for the Canadian lumbermen, munition-makers, and navvies; for soldiers' and sailors' wives, women munition-makers, at their hostels and rest huts. Christmas gifts in money or in kind are needed for all these, including warm woollen garments, games, books and magazines, chocolate and sweets, tobacco, pipes and cigarettes, gramophones and records, musical instruments, and materials for Christmas dinners, etc. The Church Army's non-war-time institutions, especially homes and clubs for women and girls, also deserve the attention of the Christmas giver. Prebendary Carlile, the founder of the institution is still, after many years, its honorary chief secretary, and has his headquarters at Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1., where cheques will be an agreeable aid towards pressing needs.

ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF PRISONERS OF WAR.

The Royal Savoy Association for the Relief of Prisoners of War has looked after the comfort of our men in Germany for some time now. All who know his excellent work will feel ample confidence in the Association when they see it connected with the name of the Rev. Hugh Chapman, 7, Savoy Hill, W.C.2. Contributions sent to him will be used to the best advantage, and experience shows that the parcels sent by private individuals are often failures, insecurely packed, or filled with unsuitable contents. Our men in Germany will pine and starve without help from

home. How many of them are now prisoners no one knows, but every day the number mounts up, and those who have managed to escape from so comparatively decent a place as Ruhleben have told us what our men suffer at the hands of an unscrupulous enemy.

BRITISH AND ALLIES PRISONERS OF WAR FUND.

The British and Allies Prisoners of War Fund issues a Christmas appeal, the importance of which everyone can realise. At present this Fund is forced to refuse 100 new appeals weekly. Money or warm clothing is most gratefully received, and special attention is paid to those whom the Camp Doctors (prisoners themselves) certify as genuine cases. British prisoners have from the beginning received parcels, but they write daily imploring aid for their Allied comrades in misfortune. These poor, starving creatures pick up the refuse thrown away and lick out the tins. A great number of them receive nothing from their ruined countries. Over 2,500 men have been helped since August, 1914, and more than 130,000 parcels have been sent. Miss Ord, after whom the Fund was originally named, is its honorary secretary, and a letter to her with a suitable enclosure at Sands Hall, Sedgefield, Co. Durham, will be sure to gladden the heart of some prisoner.

LADIES' EMERGENCY COMMITTEE OF THE NAVY LEAGUE.

The Honorary Secretary of the Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League (55, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W. 1), asks for donations, and hints that regular subscribers will be very welcome. No appeal comes closer to the heart of an Englishman, for since May, 1915, this committee has had the entire charge of those of our Navy who are prisoners. Prices have increased all round, and funds do not go anything like so far as they did. But we feel sure that our sailors in Germany and Austria and in Turkey will not lack clothes, bread, pocket money, and tobacco, if their needs are once realised. We can think of no better Christmas present than that which reminds Jack Tar that his countrymen have not forgotten him. Ashore, he generally has a good time, and we hope at this season he may have something of the Christmas feeling associated with a parcel. It will be a parcel, not of luxuries such as Londoners ordinarily enjoy, but of necessities, which will none the less be a cause of good cheer.

THE BELGIAN RED CROSS.

The Belgian Red Cross has been busy since the beginning of the war. It has established large, well-built, and well-equipped hospitals, in which the wounded receive every attention. One of these hospitals, being immediately behind the firing line, serves the Briton as well as the Belgian, and there are several portable hospitals which are moved up and down to avoid the pains of transport in the more serious cases, 50 per cent. of which have been successfully treated. For the maintenance of these institutions additional funds are urgently needed, and it is also hoped to provide a new hospital on the Flanders front. The case of the Belgian soldier is particularly sad, because he has no home to receive him, or, if he still has what may be called a home remaining, it is beyond his reach. The Anglo-Belgian Committee in London appeals to the public with every confidence for the little nation which did so much to stay the enemy at great odds. The headquarters of the Committee are at 28, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1.

THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY.

A "waif" is old Norman-French for something that has no owner; a "stray" is an aimless wanderer. "Waifs and Strays" together are defined by the dictionary as "odds and ends; unowned or neglected children." Of such odds and ends much can be made. The scallywag, as Sir Henry Newbolt points out in his book of "The Happy Warrior," sometimes becomes the great fighter, and it is quite likely that those who have endured hardness in their youth, as Dickens did in the Blacking Shop, win out, if they have a chance to win, to a stronger manhood than the carefully protected child. The naughtiest boys have a way of doing surprisingly well in later life. Folk tales often show us the success of the errant boy. We cannot afford in these days any waste of human material—to put the question on the grounds of mere expediency—and the diligent and long-enduring work of the Waifs and Strays Society is one that claims the support of every true citizen.

THE SYRIA AND PALESTINE RELIEF FUND.

The Syria and Palestine Relief Fund has an especial appeal to the generous to-day. The devastation in the more fertile parts of the regions where the Fund helps both native Syrians and Jewish colonies has been increasing ever since the war began. The Kurds and the other Turkish irregulars have been allowed to work their will, unchecked even by the feeble restraint which is placed upon them in times of peace. Though thousands of refugees have been provided for by flight to Egypt, the evil case of those who remain, attacked by famine and disease, and unsupported by such elaborate methods as have eased the sorrows of Belgium, is one which cries out for immediate succour. There will be a national appeal on a Sunday early in the New Year, but in the meantime contributions are urgently needed, and may be sent to the Secretary at 110, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Miss A. Ruth Fry, the Honorary Secretary of the War Victims Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, asks for contributions at the Ethelburga House, 91, Bishopsgate, E.C. The Quakers have been in a difficulty as regards their views on the war, but the greater part of them are doing good work for it. Miss Fry's association extends to Russia and Serbia; it supplies medical treatment and nursing, clothing and occupation in various ways for the destitute; where the peasant farmers have lost their mowing and reaping machines, it replaces them. The homeless in France are provided with small wooden houses. The Quaker body all over the world, from Britain to New Zealand, has raised large sums from its members to prosecute this excellent work, and the Relief Committee hopes that the public will enable them to continue it.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

With the B.E.F. in France. By Adjutant Mary Booth. With Preface by Arthur E. Copping. The Salvation Army. London.

Miss Mary Booth, the granddaughter of the "General," sharing in the Salvationist work among our troops in France, covets the pen of the ready writer to put down her impressions, but a record like hers, which is animated by sincerity and unselfishness, has an advantage which does not always belong to the scribe of to-day. Miss Booth's brief, unconventional notes are sufficient to show, nevertheless, her care and solicitude for the wounded. She went one day over a whole town to get some ginger-ale for a lad who longed for it. Another day she served 520 men with tea. The Army, even in France, has its brass band, comprising mostly of Salvationist ambulance drivers. But, even without its band, it meets everywhere with the respect due to untiring work and a fine sense of humanity. Sister Booth was tactful as well as infinitely persevering. She notes, for instance, during the season of cold and wet:—"One is quite safe when speaking to the soldiers in huts and camps to greet them with 'How's your cold?' Nothing pleases them more, and you are pretty certain to be somewhere near the mark, for either they have just had one, or, what is more likely, they are in the very thick of it."

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR FOOD PARCELS.

A Visit to Switzerland in War-Time. By Christine Knowles. Published in Aid of the British Prisoners of War Food, Parcels, and Clothing Fund, 25, Trevor Square, S.W. 6d. net.

The Founder and Honorary Treasurer of this fund in aid of British prisoners is the author of a well-printed and illustrated little pamphlet. She writes with a vigour and naturalness that are very pleasing. She went out primarily to inspect the baking of bread, which was not very satisfactory to its recipients; also, to learn about the despatch and arrival of parcels, and the treatment of our men in prison camps. As to the parcels, most people know by now what they mean to our underfed prisoners. The terse phrase of many hundreds of them was: "The parcels just saved us alive." The writer's experience of "our own men" was that "they never lost a parcel or received a pilfered one, and that our parcels contained all they desired." This is something to set against the indignities and trials of prison camps, of which a distinguished officer wired to his wife on reaching Switzerland: "Am out of Hell; come at once." Switzerland must, indeed, be a wonderful place after a German internment or prison. It includes a carpet factory for all allied prisoners of war, lake boating, a school for motorists, and luxuries like sausage-rolls, and whisky drives under the aegis of the Y.M.C.A.

THE FOURTH CHRISTMAS

This Christmas will be the fourth that many of the British Prisoners of War will have spent in captivity. May it be the last! As some recognition of the sacrifices they have made for their country let us help to cheer them in their miserable surroundings. How can this be done? By supporting the

British Prisoners of War Food Parcels & Clothing Fund

(registered under War Charities Act)

in its efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the Prisoners—now nearly 1,500—under its care to whom parcels of food are regularly despatched. Were it not for these parcels of the necessities of life our countrymen would long ago have succumbed to starvation, as the food supplied by the German authorities is, as well as being unpalatable, insufficient for their sustenance. The parcels safely reach their destinations and are acknowledged with sincere expressions of gratitude by the recipients.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

as our expenditure has more than doubled, and is still increasing, in consequence of the enormous rise in the price of all commodities and packing materials. The actual packing is done by voluntary workers.

Donations and regular subscriptions (*any amount*) will be most gratefully received. Those desiring to "adopt" a prisoner should apply to the Hon. Secretary for particulars.

Cheques, etc., should be addressed to

Miss C. KNOWLES, Hon. Treasurer,
25, TREVOR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.7.

Our Debt to the Navy

We all owe a debt to our incomparable Navy which can never be fully repaid. Its ceaseless watch in the North Sea through all dangers of tempest, mine, and submarine has protected our land from invasion and guarded our sea communications. During this Christmas season let us not forget those of our brave sailors who are prisoners of war in the enemy countries, where they are receiving most inhuman treatment and are in a constant state of semi-starvation owing to insufficiency of food. The

Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League

(President: Admiral LORD BERESFORD, G.C.B.), which started work for the Fleet in 1914, has had the entire charge of the Royal Navy Prisoners since May, 1915.

To those in Germany and Austria substantial parcels are sent weekly, supplemented by bread, pocket money, and tobacco; also parcels of clothes at intervals. The men in Turkey receive money weekly with which to buy necessities, also tobacco. The parcels are acknowledged with sincere expressions of gratitude for the efforts to relieve their sufferings.

FUNDS VERY URGENTLY NEEDED

to meet the increase in expenditure consequent upon the considerable rise in price of all commodities and materials.

PLEASE HELP in the good work.

Donations and Subscriptions (*cheques payable to Committee*) should be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, 56, QUEEN ANNE ST., CAVENDISH SQ., W.1.

CHRISTMAS

is the

Children's Festival

therefore help

The Orphan or Unprotected Children

of our

Sailors and Soldiers.

The

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

has given homes to over

1,700 such children.

Nearly 5,000 children now in its Homes.

Gifts gratefully received by

PREBENDARY RUDOLF,

Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd., S.E. 11.

Cheques, etc., crossed and payable to Waifs and Strays.

The BRITISH AND FRENCH COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF

have testified to the great help given to their Forces on the Western Front by the Belgian Army.

Help the Belgian Wounded Soldiers

by sending a generous contribution to the

Belgian Red Cross

(Registered under War Charities Act).

HON. TREASURER:

The Rt. Hon. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,
48, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.

15 December 1917

The Best Christmas Gift
you can make to our GALLANT MEN is a
CHURCH ARMY

RECREATION HUT (cost £500), or
RECREATION TENT (cost £300)
FULLY EQUIPPED.

SPECIAL NEEDS ARE

£5,000 for means of Recreation in Italy and Palestine.

£5,000 for Special Gifts and Festivities at Christmas in each of our 800 Huts, Tents, and other centres at home, at Naval Bases in the Far North, under shell-fire on the West Front, at Ports and Bases in France, Italy, Malta, Salonica, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, East Africa, and India.

£100,000

wanted to carry on through
the winter.



LATEST BOOK.

Life of Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. By Admiral Sir Albert H. Markham, K.C.B. John Murray. 15s. net.

Sir Clements Markham was both a man of science and a man of action. Adventure and research alike appealed to him, and his long life, begun in the reign of the fourth William, was brimful of both. The figure presented to us in his biography is real rather than romantic, and yet much that he did might have come straight out of a story by Stevenson. He started in the Navy in the days of sailing ships and corporal punishment. He had six years of apprenticeship to the rigour and the glamour of a Service not so far removed from the personal touch of Nelson. He was one of the expedition that went in search of Franklin. And all this before he was twenty-two. Though he disliked the inhuman side that still obtained in naval discipline, and left the Navy to pursue his passion for geography, his affection for it lasted to the end, and he was always a sailor. His services to science are too familiar to need emphasis. He was, of course, a great traveller and explorer. He introduced the Cinchona plant from Peru into India as a cure for fever. He was the chief inspirer of our modern Antarctic expeditions. Indeed, among all his other interests and activities, Peru and the South Pole were the loves of his life. The realm of the Incas fascinated him. His old age was darkened by the tragic fate of Scott and his companions. This book does not only give a complete record of his career; it also embodies his friendships, his delight in youth, and a character impulsive, loveable and determined.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

A Belgian Mission to the Boers (Eugene Standaert). Hodder. 3s. 6d. net.

Albert Fourth Earl Gray (Harold Begbie). Hodder. 2s. 6d. net.

A.V.A.D. in France (Olive Dent). Grant Richards. 5s. net.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities (Sir Henry Burdett). Scientific Press. 12s. 6d. net.

Can England's Church Win England's Manhood? (An Army Chaplain). Macmillan. 1s.

Charlotte Brontë (Edited by Butler Wood). Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

Hymns of the Eastern Church (The Rev. J. M. Neale). S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.

Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh (L. E. O'Rorke). Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

Memoir and Letters of T. I. W. Wilson, M.C. Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.

Points of Law for Business Men (Edited by John E. Sears and W. Erskine Reid). The Compendium Publishing Co.

Rasputin (T. Vogel-Jorgensen). Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

Rebels and Reformers (A. and D. Ponsonby). Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.

Step-Sons of France (Captain P. C. Wren). Murray. 5s. net.

Telegraph Practice (John Lee). Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

The Athenaeum Subject Index to Periodicals, 1916. Athenaeum. 5s. net.

The Book Monthly, Christmas Number, 1917. Simpkin. 6d.

The Church in the Furnace (Edited by F. B. Macnutt). Macmillan. 5s. net.

The Genius of the English Church (Alfred Fawkes). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

The Geographical Journal, December, 1917. Royal Geographical Society. 2s.

The Indian Corps in France (Lieut.-Col. Merewether and Right Hon. Sir F. Smith). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

The Old Front Line (John Masefield). Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

The Other War (John Hilton and Others). Allen and Unwin. 1s. net.

The Outer Courts (M. Agnes Fox). Longmans. 2s. net.

The Parasite (Arthur Mee). Morgan and Scott. 6d. net.

The Revenues of the Church of England (Rev. A. C. Headlam). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

The Romance of Commerce (H. Gordon Selfridge). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

The Story of the Salonica Army (G. Ward Price). Hodder. 6s. net.

The World Rebuilt (Walter Walsh). Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

Two Sides of the Atlantic (Hamil Grant). Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

Visits to Walt Whitman (J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace). Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.

Voyages of Discovery (Alice D. Greenwood). S.P.C.K. 4s.

With the R.N.R. ("Windlass"). Hodder. 5s. net.

Work-a-day Warriors (Joseph Lee). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

Ye Old Village of Hornchurch (Charles T. Perfect). Colchester: Benham and Co. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Cute McCheyne (Joseph Laingwaugh). Chambers. 2s. 6d. net.

Fulness of Time (Rollox Wilberforce). Drane. 3s. 6d. net.

Madame Roland: A Study in Revolution (Mrs. Pope Hennessy). Nisbet. 16s. net.

Stealthy Terror (John Ferguson). Lane. 6s.

The "Doc" (Aesculapius). Chambers. 3s. 6d. net.

The Lady of the Basement Flat (Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey). R.T.S. 3s. 6d. net.

The Night Club (Herbert Jenkins). Jenkins. 5s. net.



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INSPIRED apparently by the success of the Government's participation in the business of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., the Cabinet, or its advisers, have been considering a much more ambitious project—in effect, the control of British oil industry throughout the world. This, at any rate, is the only conclusion to be drawn from two recent statements, one official and the other presumably semi-official. The former was a reply to Sir John Rees in the House of Commons who asked whether the Government had under consideration the desirability of forming an all-British oil company free from all foreign interest and foreign control, for dealing with the development of oilfields outside the British Isles, and particularly in the British colonies and dependencies and Allied countries. To this Mr. Albert Stanley answered that the whole question is under consideration. What may be regarded as the semi-official utterance on the same subject came from Mr. Charles Greenway, the chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., at the recent annual meeting of the company, when he said: "What is wanted is an extension of the policy initiated when the Government secured a controlling interest in this company, and the formation of an 'all-British' company, similarly controlled and free from foreign taint of any kind, to deal with the development of oilfields outside the British Isles. This company might absorb all the existing British oil-producing companies, and at the same time undertake the examination and exploitation, so far as concessions are available, of all the known oil territories of the world not already taken up by these or other companies, but directing its attention more particularly to the British colonies and dependencies and to countries whose friendship can be relied upon.

From these statements it may be concluded that the Government has in hand in regard to the oil industry:

(1) The Bill to provide for the exploitation by the State of the oil resources of the British Isles (temporarily postponed by the opposition to the proposed paltry royalty of 9d. per ton to landowners).

(2) The control of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., which owns one of the largest and richest oilfields in the world, and has acquired the formerly German-owned oil-distributing organisation in this country, comprised in the British Petroleum Co., the Homelight Co., and the Petroleum Steamship Co.

(3) The consideration of the possibility of controlling all the remaining available oilfields in the world.

As regards the first of these schemes it certainly is desirable that everything practicable should be done to develop the oil resources of the British Isles, and, in so far as it has not been attempted by private enterprise, there is no reason why the State should not do the work; but as far as natural oil is concerned (as distinguished from oil derived from coal and shale) it is doubtful, if the opinions of eminent geologists may be trusted, whether any large permanent supplies will be obtained. Concerning the Government's interest in the Anglo-Persian enterprise, it must be admitted that this has already proved a most valuable investment both financially and in respect to supplies for the Navy and other Government purposes. Indeed, it has been rightly said that this transaction may prove to be more important financially and politically than Disraeli's famous purchase of Suez Canal shares. As for the third proposition, its very audacity almost defies criti-

cism; but it is at least interesting to probe into the conditions which have led to its consideration. The Government is now fully alive to the importance of oil in peace and war. Oil has become as important as, shall we say? steel; more important than coal, both in war on land and sea, and in the air, and in peace for the productive and manufacturing industries. The country which lacks oil in the future will be unable to defend itself against the military, naval, or trade assaults of its enemies. The value of the Anglo-Persian acquisition now being realised, the question arises as to what would happen if, through any cause, that source of supply were cut off temporarily or permanently. The Empire's oil production is only about five per cent. of the world's entire output. Where then would the Empire look for its supplies? It would have to look to the other chief sources of its present supplies, namely, the Standard Oil Co. of America, the Shell Transport and Trading Co., and, perhaps we may add, the Mexican Eagle organisation over which Lord Cowdray presides. Now the American demand is rapidly approaching, if it has not already reached, the point where it is overtaking production. The Mexican Eagle supply is obviously under the disadvantage, small though it may be, of unfavourable political environment. There remains the Shell Co., which has done admirable service to the Allied Governments during the war, and has received warm expressions of gratitude; but the fact is doubtless present in the minds of legislators and competitors that the Shell Co. is a junior partner in the Royal Dutch-Shell Combine; that is to say, the controlling interest, amounting to 60 per cent. is Dutch. Exactly how the Government or its advisers propose to obtain control of the more important oilfields of the world (which are already controlled by American or Anglo-Dutch interests) is a matter upon which we do not care to speculate; but we are inclined to think that the opportunities for acquiring valuable concessions elsewhere are not very numerous. The plums have been taken, or, where they have not, the political difficulties are by no means insignificant. But it is a vastly interesting proposition.

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